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Rev. Dr. Chapman

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# THE HURRICANE:

A POEM,

*Descriptive of the unparalleled perseverance and constancy of the Seamen on board H. M. Ship THESEUS, 74 guns, commanded by Captain (now Rear-Admiral) E. Hawker, the flag-ship of the late Rear-Admiral Dacres, during three days' and nights' hurricane, which, in company with the HERCULE, she encountered North-East of Monte Christi, in the Island of St. Domingo.*

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

~~~~~  
"It seemed the wrathful angel of mankind,  
Had all the horrors of the storm combined;  
And here, to one ill-fated ship opposed,  
At once the dreadful magazine disclosed."

FALCONER.  
~~~~~

ALSO,

## HISTORICAL NOTICES OF ST. DOMINGO,

*From the Seizure of Toussant L' Ouverture to the Death of Christophe.*

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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

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BATH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR BY C. CLARK, BROAD STREET.

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1844.







MONTE CHRISTI, ST DOMINGO.



## INTRODUCTION.

---

" July stand by, August you must,  
September remember, October it's all over."—

*An old adage of the West Indies, descriptive of the periods at which  
the Hurricanes occur.*

---

IN the following pages a feeble effort is made to describe, in rhyme-verse, the hurricane encountered by the *Theseus* and *Hercule*, during the time Vice-Admiral Sir John T. Duckworth was Commander-in-Chief on the Jamaica station. The *Hercule* was Sir John's flag-ship, and Capt. R. D. Dunn his Flag Captain.

Sir John's term of three years, as Commander-in-Chief at Jamaica, having expired, the Government sent Rear-Admiral Dacres to succeed him. Some doubt occurred in Sir John's mind, which occasioned a reference to the Admiralty in England, and until such doubt was explained, he deemed it expedient to send Rear-Admiral Dacres to sea for a three months' cruise. At this time much prize-money was making by a French and Spanish war. The *Hercule* accordingly sailed with the *Theseus*, Sir John's flag having been shifted to the *Shark* receiving ship, at Port Royal, Jamaica. The vessels had reached the North side of St. Domingo, off Cape Francaise, unattended by any material occurrence.

B

It is to be observed that, due North of Cape Francaise, (the chief harbour on the North side of St. Domingo) some 20 leagues, lie banks, called, "The Silver Cayes," which, though under water, are so near the surface, that, in gales, the sea breaks heavily upon them. The *Theseus* and *Hercule* had stood to the northward when the hurricane assailed them; the banks distant sixty miles, bearing S.W., the hurricane blowing N.E. The following day, by calculation, the banks bore S.W. 20 to 15 miles, the ships drifting upon them!

As usual in hurricanes, the wind veered from N.E. to N. and W.S.W.,—a most providential change, as it carried us from those dangerous rocks, upon which both ships must otherwise, in a few hours, have been wrecked. This wonderful escape I leave to the consideration of those who, like myself, attribute causes and effects to Divine Providence.

The escape of the *Theseus* was still more miraculous, envired as she was, and totally dismasted. The whole ship's crew of 500 men having been employed in pumping and bailing for three days and nights successively, had become completely exhausted. At this period it was reported to the Admiral, who was lashed under the poop to the ship's weather side, that, in spite of every exertion that could be made, the water gained on the ship. This was the period alluded to in the poem, when our amiable Admiral, with calmness, said, "Let the officers join in the pumps, and let us go down doing our duty."

It is to be observed, that, from the heavy lurching of the ship, the quantity of water in her hold, together with that which was pumped up on the lower deck, and the pressure by the unbridled force of the hurricane on her lee side, caused that side and the pump-dale to be so immersed, that the water upon the lower deck could not be got out but by taking it up in buckets, handing them

up the hatchway, and emptying them on the main-deck, which partially got rid of it—sieve like !

The swinging of the main-yard with each successive lurch, and the trembling of the ship's whole fabric, at this period, was dreadful beyond description.

In this condition, by the example and cheering of their officers, the men were excited to continue their efforts for a few hours longer, when, just at the time their worn-out bodies were incapable of further exertion, and their spirits were fast sinking within them, it pleased the Disposer of all events to abate the fury of the hurricane, which, had it continued but a short time longer, in all probability "not a soul would have been left to tell the tale."

During the hurricane, an indefatigable Irishman, of the name of Bracken, went out on the main-yard-arm, holding on by the main-lift, to cut away the main-top-mast, which, in its fall, had become entangled with the main-yard-arm ; this being lowered down, was occasionally immersed in the sea with the seaman, who held on with one hand, while, as often as he rose from the waves, he was seen cutting away with his hatchet—an unrivalled act of seaman-ship and energy.

The French Privateer firing into us at twilight, is referred to as an apt illustration of the fable of the ass kicking the crippled and infirm lion.

Upon the arrival of the ships at Port Royal, Jamaica, which occurred fifteen days after the hurricane, they were hauled alongside the Dock-yard wharfs, to be thoroughly examined and repaired. From the commencement of the hurricane, the *Theseus* continued to leak, making four feet per hour, until a day or two after her having been at anchor, when her leak discontinued.

They were both careened, or, in other words, partially hove down. Upon the centre or bilge of both, from the after-part of the fore-rigging to that of the main, the action of the heavy seas had torn off the copper; the remaining sheets were curled up at their edges as close and compact as if done by art.

During this service, both suffered fearful ravages by the yellow fever, which invariably breaks out in the West Indies, after the crews have had some respite from their bodily exertions. In either vessel the number of the crew affected with the fever was the same. The remedy employed on board the *Theseus* was cold effusion, which proved more successful than the antidote used on board the *Hercule*—calomel; for the former lost many less than the latter.

As spars could not well be spared in the yard (fourteen being required for one lower mast) the *Theseus* was fitted with masts below her proportions, and thus equipped she sailed for England, land wind and smooth water taking her out, when the sea breeze coming down unusually strong, her leak again burst out, and she bore up with the signal of distress, to her anchorage, making above four feet per hour. When again alongside the yard, proper masts were made, the former being too short to heave down by—her leak decreasing as before. Her keel was hove out, when it was found that near her fore-foot, under the starboard bow, for a space of six feet square her planking was perforated by the worm as close as the cells in the honeycomb, while no other part of her bottom had any such appearance. It was found also, that owing to the working of the ship in a sea-way, the sheets of copper which covered the defective part had expanded at their joinings one over the other. Had those sheets come off in the hurricane, she must have foundered.

Being at length refitted, the *Theseus* sailed for Europe, Sir J. T. Duckworth hoisting his flag in the *Latona*, Sir J. Athol Wood's ship, when Rear-Admiral Dacres became Commander-in-Chief, in

lieu of Sir John, who sailed away with Capt. Dunn, his Flag-Captain, and the present Sir N. Willoughby his first Lieutenant. Sir J. A. Wood also went home in the *Latona*, to be tried by court-martial for refusing to give up the command of that ship, to which he was appointed by the Admiralty. The court-martial terminated by some new regulations, to be acted upon on such occasions.

Among the instances of singularity in ships' leaks, the following may be noticed. The *Mignonne*, a fine ship of war, got a-ground off Lucea, the north side of Jamaica, where she remained some days beating her bottom out; ultimately, she was got off, taken in tow by the *Desiree* frigate, and, though towed against a heavy sea, to her anchorage at Port Royal, she scarcely leaked at all. When ready to heave down, the first portion of iron ballast being moved, the bottom burst in, and she foundered alongside the wharf. Subsequently, under circumstances of difficulty, she was got up, and taken on a bank, where she lay a wreck, to decay.

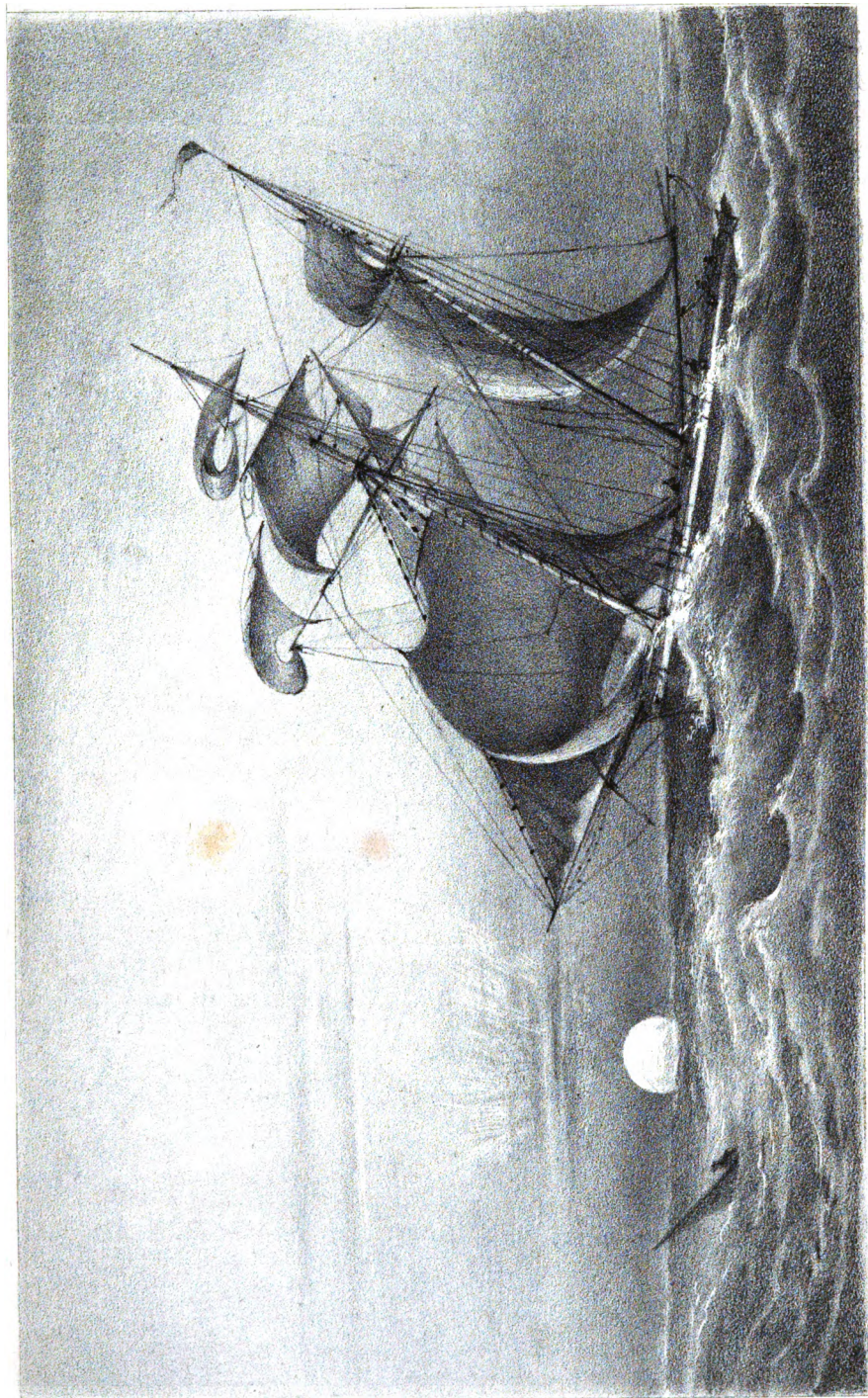
The following escape at sea occurred to a brig of war, commanded by Capt. Mowbray. In a gale, at day break, he found himself off Crooked Island, a reef of rocks parallel to the land, a mile only under his lee, with the sea breaking over. There being no alternative, a consultation was held as to the best way of letting her take the reef, and, it being decided she should go stem on, the helm was put up; all awaiting shipwreck. On approaching the reef, a heavy sea lifted her entirely over it, where her anchors were let go in safety! After the gale, she was got out through a space in the rocks, which was discovered upon search being made.

Reverting to the partial range of hurricanes, it may be admissible to state an instance, and an escape under very peculiar circumstances. The writer of the following poem, whilst Lieutenant, commanding a schooner, sailed from New Providence, the name of the seat of government amongst the Bahama islands, of which there

are five hundred, and which, by reasonable conclusions, may originally have been main land. Amongst these the bottom is seen. Vessels are navigated among them by a man at the mast-head looking for dark spots, or rocks, which, being generally in 12 to 20 feet water, with a white sandy bottom, and a highly rarified atmosphere, are easily seen. After reaching Havanna, the principal port in the island of Cuba, the writer sailed on his return to New Providence. In the course of the voyage he chased a suspicious-looking vessel, of which at night he lost sight. Continuing his course into the entrance of the harbour of Metanzas, a vessel was seen, which fired a gun at him; although unconscious of her being the same he had chased, the compliment was returned, but, from the proximity of the harbour, she escaped. This took place at midnight, and the only person injured on board was the writer, who received a wound in the hand, probably from langrage, with which, among other substances, they load their guns.

Although the weather, in this situation, for several preceding days, was not unusually bad, indeed clear, with a cloudless sky, but attended by a heavy swell of the sea, a hurricane prevailed not sixty miles distant. A short time before sun-set, on the following day, the writer, who was confined to his bed in extreme agony, felt an irresistible desire to be helped on deck. Notwithstanding every remonstrance on the part of the surgeon, who urged the danger of lock-jaw ensuing from the nature of the wound, he persisted in his determination, and was assisted up. Seated on an arm chest, leaning his head on the vessel's hammock rail (or side), the writer, wincing with pain, while viewing the setting sun (which was unusually red and expanded), although an exceedingly short-sighted person, fancied he perceived a speck or black spot in an exact line with the brilliant hue of the setting sun. By his direction the spy-glass was used, when it was discovered to be a floating wreck. The course was altered, and, on his nearing, a man was seen upon it. The writer then felt satisfied; indeed, an unaccountable feeling







of pleasure pervaded his mind. He was helped down and returned to his bed. In the meantime a boat was despatched to the wreck, which brought off the man, who was speechless and insensible, and his body quite bleached by exposure. His name was afterwards ascertained to be John Stewart. By the desire of the writer he was put to bed in his cabin, every care was shown him, and he fell asleep. When his vessel was wrecked, he had secured himself between the flying topsail. The writer himself passed a sleepless night. On Tuesday morning, near sun-rise, Stewart awoke, and in answer to the question, "Well, my fine fellow, where do you come from?" he sat up and replied, "My God! my God!" with his eyes intently fixed on me. He also added, "The moment I was wrecked I knew you would save me, and the whole time I preserved my sensibility I was satisfied; but all I dreaded was the shark!" The writer then related the circumstances of his discovering him, which left both in great astonishment.

The account which the man gave of the occurrence was this:—"On Friday, about day dawn, my schooner was crossing the Bahama Bank, (the vessel drawing nine feet, with only twelve on the Bank, when) it blowing a hurricane, my schooner beat herself to pieces. I saw all my crew drowned, and then secured myself as you found me." He further stated that his schooner had been fitted as a privateer, had been twice in action, when both captains were killed; since which she became a turtling\* vessel, and was afterwards wrecked, the captain being the only one saved; while, in our

\* The turtle being of a frigid temperament, has not sufficient warmth to hatch her eggs; instinct therefore impels her to dig a hole in the sand, where she deposits them, and covers them over with a mound of sand, which serves as a mark to discover and take the eggs, which are attached to a ligament, in 50 or more. The sun progressively hatches the eggs, when the little creatures work their way out, and paddle to the ocean. The alligator frequently digs them up, unless man, more subtle, has devoured them—first come first served. The mother turtle, basking in the sunshine, asleep upon the calm ocean, is swallowed by the shark;—life sustaining life.

case, all the crew were saved, and the captain alone wounded. Stewart knew the man-of-war schooner had sailed, and that though she could not cross the bank, he still hoped to be saved by her; but for the writer's strong desire to go on deck he cannot account, neither is it possible to do so: had a few minutes more passed, the man would have lain with the setting sun, and both would have vanished, sailing at the rate we were. The distance from where he was wrecked to where we picked him up was 160 miles, drifted diagonally by the current from the South-East. He had lost everything but his gratitude.

During the hurricanes, the sea frequently covers many of the Bahama Islands, when it is not unusual for small vessels to be drifted upon them, and on the ocean receding they are left so far inland among the bushes, as never to be got afloat again. There are vessels, called "wreckers," fitted up to sail in quest of ships wrecked in the dangerous Gulph Stream, to assist them in getting off; and it is no unusual practice for these "wreckers" to anchor within the reefs, showing a light at their mast-heads, by which means they frequently decoy the stranger on the rocks, and obtain salvage, or a portion of her cargo's value, under a plea of saving it when wrecked!

The writer hopes the originality of his style—his comparisons of land with sea life—and his incidental allusions to occurrences at and about St. Domingo, may be charitably received. His veneration for literature would deter him from willingly offending.

E. B.,

Commander, R.N.

## THE WEST-INDIAN HURRICANE.

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NEPTUNE arraying—dolphin displaying,  
The cat's-paw shewing, porpoise wild blowing;  
Breezes light stealing—curlew wild squealing—  
Portending alarm; farewell to start calm.  
Lightning appearing, ocean's head rearing,  
Warrior striving, monster shark diving,  
Bonetta full race, avoiding the chace,  
Flying fish skipping, wave to wave tripping,  
More subtle man's race, bonetta his chace,  
Harpoon flies dashing, bonetta dies splashing! \*  
The magnet pole round the compass is found,  
Variation see, in compass to be,

\* Breezes setting in after a calm, and the curlew skimming the surface of the ocean portend storm. With the wind freshening, dolphins and bonettas appear and are harpooned by sailors. Shark never seen but in start calm, descending when the wind disturbs the ocean. Cat's-paws express the rippling of the ocean when disturbed by the wind. Porpoises particularly portend bad weather. Flying-fish fly, or may be said so to do as long as their fins retain moisture. Bonetta devours flying-fish.

Amplitude\* does shew, correction to know ;  
 Hurricane as well, correction to tell.  
 Alternate day light with dismal dark night,  
 Great globe it has run, encircling the sun.  
 Deceptive mistake ! best seaman awake !  
 Weather mistaking, promise is breaking !  
 Eclipsing the sight from knowledge of right ;  
 Glittering to eye, but vapour to die ;  
 The meteor afar is not the bright star !  
 Astronomy queen, Urania supreme !  
 Glittering star-light, nor Pleiades sight.  
 In calmness serene, nor Virgo is seen ;  
 Nor Vesper shine bright, nor morning star light ;  
 The moon has a rim, the sun it sat dim,  
 Tempest foretelling, ocean is swelling ;  
 Battling on high, view conquest in sky ;†  
 Murky low clouds scudding in crowds,  
 One moment alarm, returning start-calm ;  
 Nor breath on the sea, but bursting must be.  
 The dark bird, petrel, wild curlew as well,  
 Shrill screaming around warns hurricane sound,  
 Light sprinkling with rain, to tell you with pain,  
 Right stooping to might, might's conquest is right.

\* Amplitude is the centre of the sun setting, determined by a nautical observation so called, establishing the exact centre by which the due east and west are reckoned.

† Ships frequently seen approaching each other, the one with wind east, the other west, the strongest becoming paramount. For instance, the one in the upper strata east, the lower west ; the upper, when strongest, splits the clouds in the wind's eye of the lower strata, and heaping the clouds in what sailors term "Mare's Tails," denoting the conquest.





Conscious of fate, storm bursting the gate;  
*Hercule* and *Theseus* in hurricane rush;  
 Picturing the sky, blind in the wind's eye,  
 Unreining the wind, fleetest courser blind—  
 Snort, swooping the tree, or mainmast at sea!  
 Lightning fire flashing! thunder rolls crashing!  
 Loud iron-tongue's sound concussion around;  
 Collection of rain, see! bursting in twain!  
 Water-spout\* pouring! ocean uproaring!  
 Should iron-tongue sound our shipwreck around,  
 Come friendship bewail the signal gun tale;  
 Fear rending to part the fluttering heart;  
 Nor solemn sound swell slow tolling round bell.  
 Yet sympathy bless mariner's distress,  
 With memory's seal, that alone to heal:  
 For mourning and vale wreck is but the tale.  
 The thief in the night, storm stealing in sight;  
 Wind blending in kind, the ocean with wind;  
 Disastrous scene, wise purposes mean;  
 Hazardous the run—opposing the sun;  
 Lifted to skies, in splendour she flies;  
 Deep plunging amain, see, rankling in pain,  
 To clouds she is tost, and seemingly lost;  
 To Providence meet—let fly the main sheet;  
 Mind veering away, his balance obey;  
 And steer her due West, with hope for the best;  
 Up mainsail, obey! the ship bear away.

\* Water-spout is a dense black pipe of water from an overcharged cloud, descending to the sea by the latter's attraction. Guns fired, causing concussion of air, burst the water-spout in its approach to the ship, which attracts it.

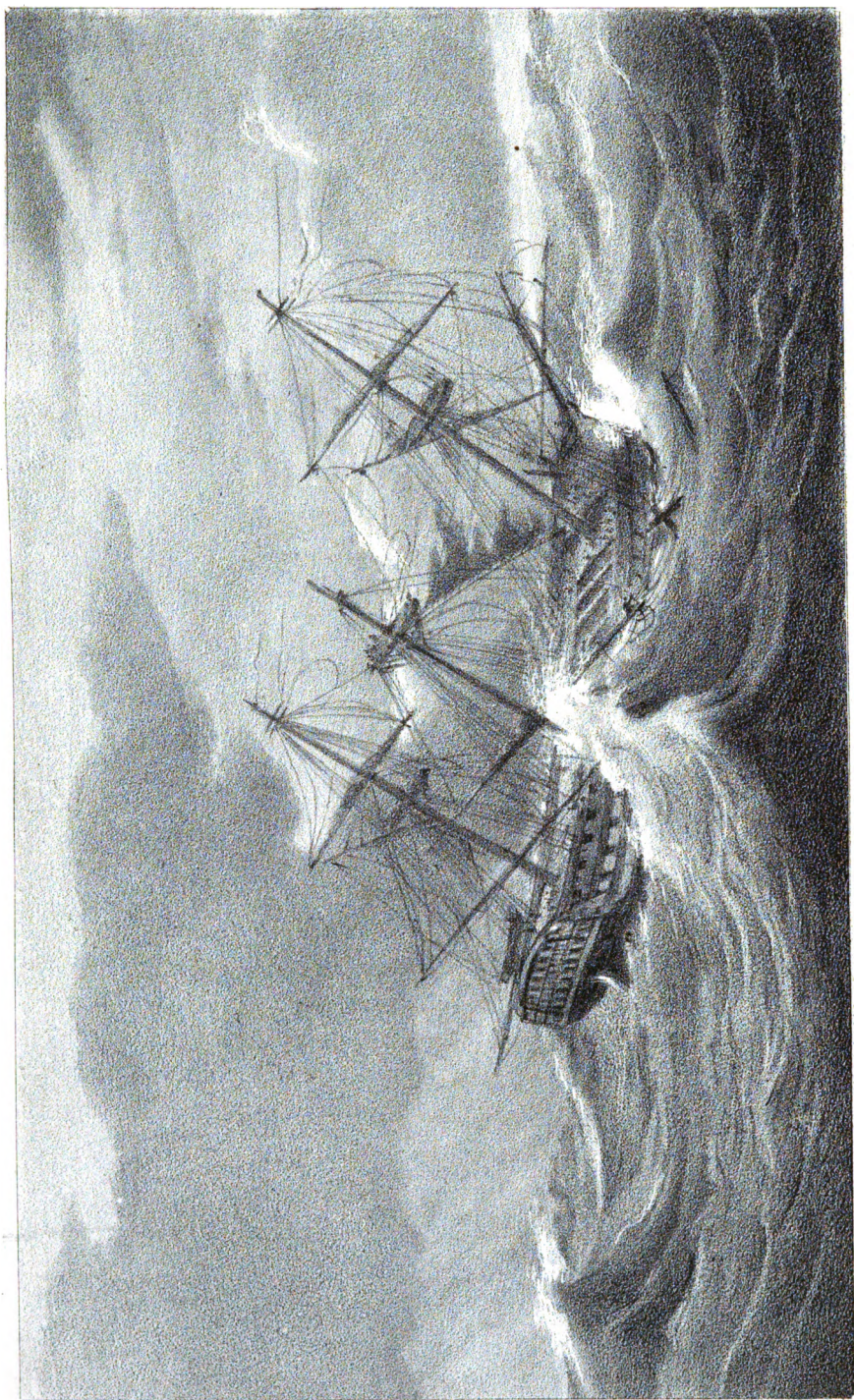
In torrents of rain, reef topsails amain ;  
 Mainsail, while furling, hurricane hurling ;  
 For safety regards, down top-gallant yards ;  
 To save them from wreck, masts, too, on the deck.  
 High ocean does loom—rig in the jib-boom.  
 Brave seamen, in band, fore-top-sail then hand.  
 True seamanship fame—the mizen the same.

Tempest, loud roaring, torrents rain pouring ;  
 Gale, mocking distress, lulls panting for breath ;  
 In terror and rain, loud raging again ;  
 Lightning fork flashing, thunder rolls crashing ;  
 Wild Petrel skipping, wave to wave tripping ;  
 Rolling and reeling, Curlew shrill squealing ;  
 Leak it is springing, Pump it is ringing ;  
 Ocean, while bailing, strength it is failing ;  
 Lee scuppers pour rain, cascading the main ;  
 Her turretted side, wide ocean deride.  
 Mad raging the gale, see, rending the sail !  
 Main-top-sail, at last, is split by the blast !  
 Inflated on high, tattering in sky ;\*  
 Cracking and splitting, rending and flitting ;  
 Mingling with sound, in torment around.  
 Implacable wind, distracting the mind ;  
 In whirlwind to know, where reason will go.  
 Brace by the yard-arm, nor dread then alarm ;  
 Ease off weather sheet, weather-clue-line meet ;  
 With heart and with hand, lee-buntline well mann'd,

\* The sail, when clued up, flying above the yard.







Inflated on high, fluttering in sky ;  
 Ease off the lee sheet, lee clue-line to meet.  
 The buntline besides, imbrailing describes ;  
 Mind safety's regard, secure well the yard ;  
 Precaution, you know, at best is so, so—  
 For no one can see what weather may be.  
 Rolling-tackle may, taut braces, I say,  
 In tempest and strife, save many a life.  
 With men on the yard, the helm have regard ;  
 In hurricane's face, the seaman to trace.  
 Your captain his part, your compass his heart ;  
 Cheer, my lads, cheer, and furl without fear.  
 Storm raging obey, top-mast tore away,  
 Shattered top flies, scattering skies ;  
 In labyrinth maze, main-top-mast wreck lays,  
 Insnares alarm, across main-yard arm ;  
 Deep lurching yard-arm, in ocean's alarm,  
 Energy in band, axe yielding in hand ;  
 Nor danger, nor doubt, yard-arm laying out ;  
 Man on wreck up-rear, and then disappear ;  
 Enveloped in spray, wreck cutting away ;  
 On main-lift grasp fast, wreck clearing at last ;  
 On Ireland's proud fame, shines Bracken's brave name !\*  
 Fore-sail while furling, mountain wave curling ;  
 Stunning wind hurling, grasping sail furling ;  
 On fore-yard around, hurls hurricane sound ;  
 Fore-top arraying, ocean high spraying,  
 Fluttering in sky, swelling canvas on high.  
 Nerves valour supreme, prime seamen are seen ;

\*This enterprising man was made boatswain in Capt. Chambers' ship, and subsequently broken by court-martial, for striking his captain.

Nor dread then alarm, nerve grasp on yard-arm.  
 Science here shewing, day or night knowing.  
 On seamanship sight shine enterprise bright.

Storm rushing full speed—ship stooping as reed ;  
 Prow rearing on high, King Athens\* descri ;  
 Alternate between, nor bow-sprit end seen.  
 For fear she broach to, fore-stay-sail will do ;  
 Through ocean's high spray, while hoisting away,  
 Fore-stay-sail, lost hope, blown out of bolt rope.  
 While charting the scene, with helmsman serene,  
 In danger each side, but magnet her guide,  
 Now under bare poles, staggering she rolls ;  
 Twelve knots off the reel she flies on her keel ;  
 Charibdis to clear, by Scylla to steer ;  
 Uprearing to skies, in tremour she flies ;  
*Nautilus can tell, ship is but egg-shell ;*  
 Anchor ! an anchor ! wreck or an anchor !  
 For anchor and rope at last is our hope.  
 With seamanship care, then captain, prepare,  
 Astronomy's love shews heaven above ;  
 Appeasing despair, the light-house is there,  
 In darkness to shew poor sailors below.  
 Hurricane ranging, wind it is changing :  
 Howling through shrouds, rushing in crowds ;  
 Weather betraying, ocean high spraying ;  
 Rocks towering round surf's labyrinth sound ;  
 Labouring, with strife, for haven and life ;  
 Suspense, without end, faint hope will ye lend !

\* The ship's figure-head of *Theseus*.

Hazardous wild bird,\* land-drifted is heard,  
 Contending through strife, with death for our life;  
 Surpassing belief, bright omen, relief.  
 Weariness feeling, sleep it is stealing;  
 Sleep, sweet on the deep, on giddy mast sleep;  
 Sleep, bird, on yard-arm, dream conquest alarm;  
 Rest, gleaming of bliss, in foretaste of this.  
 Herald to the deep, in peace, billows, sleep;  
 Endless amazement! sleep, whence are ye lent?  
 In contrast, land seen (*verduring between*);  
 Nor home on the deep, nor shipwreck's last sleep;  
 Nor sailor's salt tear, in ocean's vast bier;  
 Nor trailing flame heat, nor door, nor retreat;  
 "Rivulet," nor "tree," nor children to see;  
 Nor ever to hear if ye knew but her tear.  
 Nor frenzy to show, grief's sequent to know;  
 Through life but to rave, where, where is the grave?  
 Sleep, labourers crown, sun's shadow kneel down.  
 Sleep sweet under thatch, dream lifting the latch;  
 Dream, gleaner, to roam; dream, dream, harvest home!  
 Life, brittle as glass; sleep, cottager's lass.  
 Dream your heart at sea, returning to thee;  
 Sun setting in sleep, day light in the deep;  
 Sleep, sweet in the vale, dream nightingale rail;  
 The contrast the main, sleep starting in twain.  
 The bell has struck eight,† one more but await.  
 How seamen's heart rends, until day-light sends

\* Sailors consider a bird an omen of deliverance.

† Four o'clock in the morning, half an hour before day dawn.

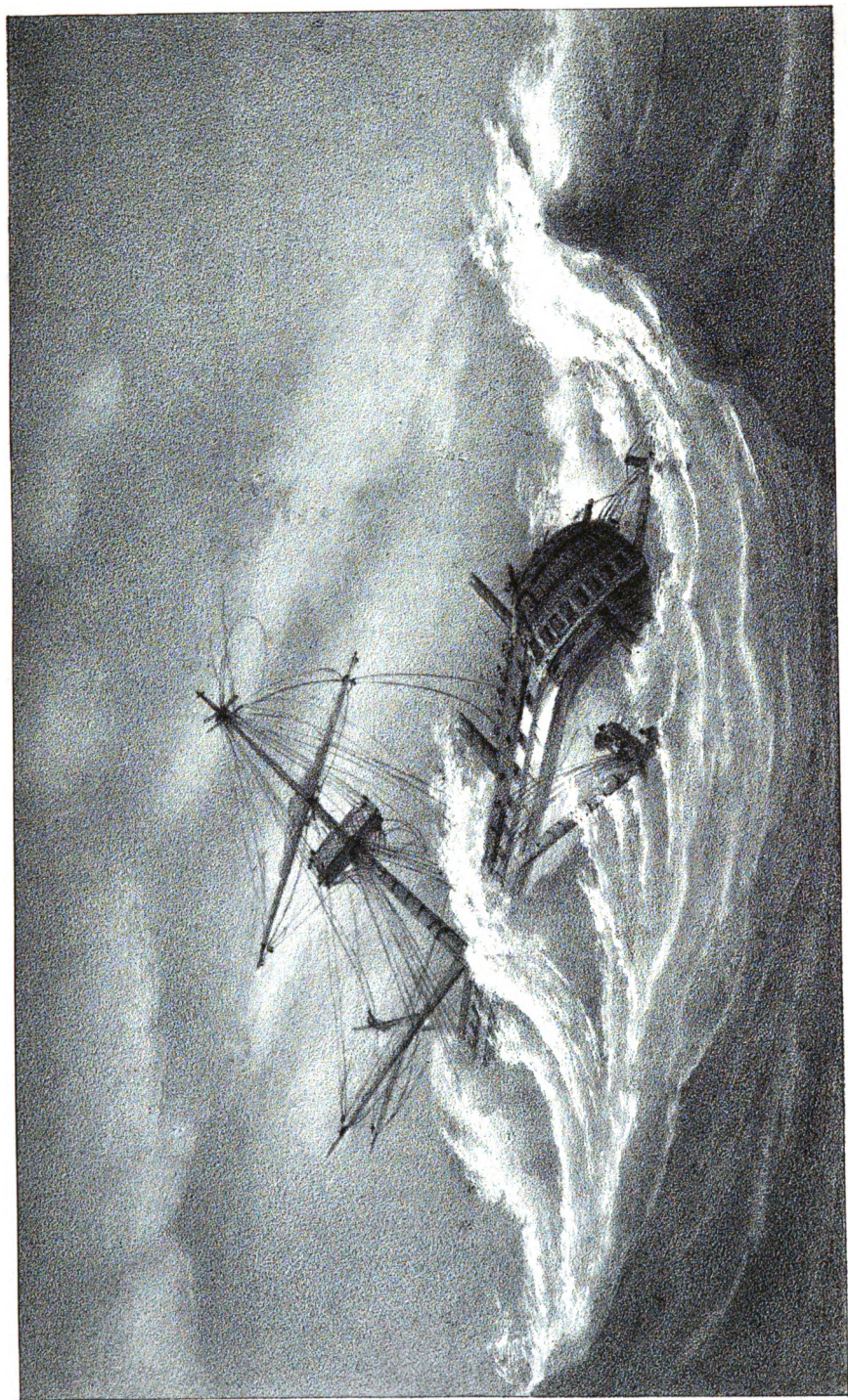
The blessing of light, to see we are right.  
 For safety regards fore and main yards  
 Lowering at sea, but danger must be.  
 Cause in perfecting, effect cementing!  
 Effect here shewing, pendulum going;  
 Main trusses gave way, with lashings obey.  
 Mainyard, I declare, flew ripping up air;  
 Side to side flying, error was sighing;  
 Alternate each side, pendulum the guide,  
 Mainyard while swinging, sinews were ringing.  
 Hurricane backing, shrouds fast snapping,  
 Battering ram flew her bulwarks through,  
 Boats through crashing, mainyard flew smashing,  
 Their pieces on high with hurricane fly.  
 Convulsive her feel, trembling to keel;  
 Fore and aft braced, mainyard close laced;  
 Lifts cut away, with braces obey;  
 Weight *unreeving fast* main gears at last.  
 Her mainyard to lay, falls prostrate in spray;  
 In torture and pain ship twisting 'n twain;  
 Main rigging in air, straight trailing despair—  
 Or maiden's attire, trails burning in fire,\*  
 Or shipwreck's despair *Saldanaha's*† beware.

\* Analogy with the element of fire.

† His Majesty's ship *Saldanaha* totally wrecked, when every soul perished. Her Captain, the Hon. Wm. Pakenham, was messmate as Midshipman, and subsequently as Lieutenant, in the *Desiree* with the writer. The only living thing which escaped was his parrot, which had a silver collar with "H. M. S. Saldanaha," written thereon. It was shot the following summer in-land in Ireland, and was preserved and stuffed; being the only relic the late Duchess of Wellington had of her brother.









Stooping and bending, splitting and rending ;  
 Crash, swooping the tree, her mainmast at sea ;  
 Deluge uproared, cascading on board.  
 On ocean's high waves, her mainmast wreck lays ;  
 Ship wrecking on mast, as rock in the blast ;  
 Battering her side, winds mocking, deride.  
 Ingulphed in the wave, three seamen to save,  
 On rigging or mast, life grasping to fast.\*  
 What anguish can shew? what self-love can know?  
 Nor iron-tongue's sound, nor ocean around,  
 Nor lie with the brave in ocean's vast wave,  
 Nor knowledge below of self-love to know.  
 All silent to thee,† but mercy can see,  
 Transcendent delight—but shipwreck in sight!  
 To yield to a friend what no one can lend.  
 Thy triumph shall sound, the world all around—  
 Grace Darling to men, or robin or wren ;  
 Three sailors can tell, the shipwreck as well ;  
 True valour to know, was Darling‡ to shew.

Loud roaring the main, storm linking the chain,  
 O'er the lee quarter, prostrate in water,  
 In misery's maze, her mizen mast lays ;  
 Top crashing in skies, quarter-gallery flies ;

\* When the mainmast fell over the side to windward, three men being in the main-top at the time, fell with it. One is at a loss to know how they could have escaped being crushed in the fall, or ultimately preserved.

† The mind absorbed on one object alone, totally unconscious of all presence of danger.

‡ The allusion to Grace Darling is analogous with mercy.

C

See, wondrous ways, nerves valorous rays,  
 With ant-like array, the wreck clear away,  
 Each side to the deep, eight cannon to sleep.  
 By lurid blue light,\* but anguish in sight,  
 By rocket star glare, but vivid despair;  
 By signal gun tale, but hurricane rail.  
 Alas! what a night! no *Hercule* in sight!  
 Alas! no retreat! nor help-mate to meet!  
 But hurricane's yell, screams, frantic to tell!  
 Here anchor and rope is valueless hope;  
 Here farewell must sigh for heart's-ease on high.

Reeling and rending, fore-top-mast bending;  
 Hazardous young Wise, see, mounting in skies!  
 Contending through strife, with death for his life.  
 Fore-top-sail-yard see, no braces could be;  
 Winds misery sent, with main-mast they went;  
 Danger deriding, on foot-rope striding;  
 Rolling and reeling, his safety feeling;  
 In hurricane's face, Wise, reeving new brace!

Ocean cascading, day light fast fading;  
 Pumping and straining, leak it is gaining;  
 Dismal dark clouds, driving in crowds.  
 Tempest obeying, fore and aft spraying;  
 Clanking pump-chain, breaks rending in twain;  
 Water yet bailing, sieve it is failing;  
 Foremast while cracking, shrouds rend snapping;

\* Blue lights are burnt, and rockets thrown up by ships in distress, in hope of assistance.

Three nights lasting, total dismasting ;  
 Alternate moon-light wanes flashing spark-light ;  
 Moon sparks between, prime seamen are seen—  
 Bright axes' array the mast cut away ;  
 Alas ! what a night, faint hope but in sight !  
 Battl'ing in skies, or ocean she lies ;  
 Alternate between, her foremast is seen,  
 Prostrate in water, battering slaughter !  
 Wreck crashing her side, winds howling deride.  
 Batten giving way, dead eyes, I say ;  
 Fore rigging must be immersed in sea ;  
 Ropes' labyrinth maze her anchor round lays—  
 Bright axes' array, cut anchor away !  
 In hurricane sight, fire flashing salt light,\*  
 Electric sparks' ire sprays ocean on fire ;  
 Ship wrecking on mast, as rock in the blast ;  
 Difficult to see, where rigging may be.  
 Energy in band, bright axes in hand,  
 Ship lifting on high, then axes apply—  
 On ocean's high sway wreck floating in spray.†

Down the main hatch-way, appalling I say,  
 Lower deck between, brave seamen are seen ;

\* The ocean breaking in dark nights causes an effect similar to Will-o'-the-Wisp, for which no certain principle has yet been accounted. It is supposed to be hydrogen gas, produced by putrefaction of substances set on fire by electric sparks, or otherwise unknown causes, and is the same with bodies in the sea.

† The fore-mast falling tore away from the channels what is called the "bat-ten," by which the "dead-eyes" are kept in their places ; the fore-rigging then fell below the channels, and was most difficult to be got at from being immersed in the sea.

Leak and life racing, pump with strength facing;  
 Five feet in the hold, the leak it has told;  
 Chain pump clanking, Theseus king flanking.  
 Cannon's\* weight racking, solid oak cracking;  
 Loud cheering between, death fearing is seen;  
 Wreck speeding full chase, leak gaining the race;  
 Down hatchway around, hurls hurricane sound.  
 Forest oak† bending, splitting and rending;  
 In deluge around, her iron tongues sound,  
 Science benumbing, hurricane stunning.  
 View contrast on deck, in mastless shipwreck,  
 Charybdis is seen, lower deck between;  
 Or Scylla on deck, but egg-shell a wreck;  
 With Providence near, then cheer, my lads, cheer!  
 Stranger, you can tell, old seaman as well,  
 Where mercy is found, this world all around.  
 By lantern's dim light, swings vital spark light;  
 Deep lurching beam-ends, immersing her bends;  
 Her pump-dale‡ must be immersing in sea;  
 Lower deck splashing, side to side dashing;  
 Sailor, half drowned, life cheering around;  
 With bucket in hand, half naked in band,  
 Up hatch-way to throw, the ocean below;

\* The working of the guns on their wheels or trucks on a ship's lower deck in a gale. Those of the *Theseus* had double securings, and also cleats nailed on the deck to meet the trucks working; nevertheless, notwithstanding all securing, by the constant working, they had nearly worn away the solid oak part of the ship where their muzzles rest upon the upper part of the ports.

† Analogous with the oak in a storm.

‡ Through which the water, when pumped out of the hold, is conducted into the sea.





Conscious of fate, leak bursting the gate ;  
 With bailing by hand, and pumping in band,  
 Difficult to see how standing can be ;  
 Water fast gaining, strength it is waning ;  
 Water log laying, fore and aft spraying ;  
 Ocean but bailing, seive it is failing ;  
 Life waning in doubt, light nearly blown out ;  
 Neptune loud growling, hurricane howling ;  
 Warrior at last, sinks, foundering, fast.

Clear echo replies, from Dacres to Wise ;\*  
 Well we remember, the fourth September ;  
 In danger the man, in Dacres no sham ;  
 Saw him on deck, lash'd to the wreck ;  
 With the sinking tale, listen to the gale ;  
 His calmness to light, our enterprise bright ;  
 " To officers all," command was his call,  
 Then " Let us be drowned, our duty around ;"  
 His calmness our light, we kept him in sight ;  
 Admiral obey, go, cheering, away.  
 Aching heart jumping, cheering and pumping ;  
 Hope rearing between, officers are seen ;  
 Anxiety paining, vital spark waning ;  
 Right stooping to might, might's conquest for right ;  
 With Providence near, disarming all fear ;  
 Flag nearly half-mast, victory at last,  
 Shews example's array, leak balance obey ;  
 Four feet in the hold, the leak it has told ;

\* The present Admirals Dacres and Wise. The former's father was the Admiral on board the *Theseus*, who, shewed so much constancy in danger.

Cause in cementing, effect contenting ;  
 Herald to the deep, in peace billows sleep ;  
 Wind dying away, eight bells obey !  
 Providence cheering, calmness appearing ;  
 Storm, panting for breath, dies fainting in death ;  
 Mastless log lying, weariness sighing ;  
 In star-light around, ocean now crowned ;  
 One moment or two, the meteor to view,  
 The contrast to shew, hurricane below ;  
 Moon glittering bright, awaiting daylight ;  
 Gratitude bands, sea\* clasping hands,  
 In thankfulness' eye, *Ipse magna fui* !

Astronomy's queen, Urania, supreme,  
 Star falling to shew perfection below ;  
 Now Virgo is seen glittering serene ;  
 Grand Pleiades sight, now sparkling starlight,  
 With Vesper serene, now morning star seen,  
 Nor moon with a rim, nor sun it set dim ;  
 Unveiling on high, twilighting the sky.  
 Adversity tale as lion did rail !  
 Crippled and lame, King Theseus in pain ;  
 Before the sunrise mistake may arise.  
 At twilight was near a French privateer,  
 His way to pursue—shot ! insults us too !  
 Indignant, I say—breath wasting, Away !

In calmness serene, the morning star seen,  
 The type from above, reflecting in love,

\* The hurricane suddenly abating, the seas, or masses of water, thrown together.







Adorning the skies, bright Phœbus arise!  
 Ocean yet swelling, after past telling,  
 Sun beaming delight, eclipsing dark night;  
 The cloudless bright sky, enchanting to eye!  
 Club wielding on might, shines *Hercule* in sight!  
 The loud cannon sound horizon around,  
 Echoing the main, past hurricane pain;  
 Herculean treat King Athens to meet.  
 Calm ocean's array, their homage to pay;  
 With Neptune is seen Amphitrite queen;  
*Theseus* preparing, to *Hercule* wearing,  
 Sun beaming between, small boat sail is seen,\*  
 Flapping and flowing, bow-sprit end shewing,  
 From starboard cat-head to bow-sprit end spread;  
 Light flowing between fore-stay-sail is seen;  
 Jury mast to be, top-gallant-mast see;  
 With rigging and stay, the yard cross away;  
 To boatswain his call, the fore-sail let fall;  
 White ensign flowing, shews downwards blowing;  
 The signal gun tale, the *Theseus* bewail.  
 Enchanting delight, while viewing the sight,  
 Sol's beauteous eye, adorning the sky!  
 High looming and grand, far marginal land,  
 Towering in skies, St. Domingo rise.

Calmness succeeding, ocean receding;

\* At day-light not a cloud could be seen, the *Hercule* four miles from us, so that we must have been near each other. Being totally dismasted, a boat's mast was lashed to the bowsprit end, with a fore-stay-sail from the cat-head to it, to wear round, if possible, towards the *Hercule*.

Leak now decreasing, masting increasing ;  
 Top-masts, now see, lower masts must be ;  
 Top-sail-yards sway, for courses array ;  
 Canvas extending, her sails all bending ;  
 Loud cheering on high, weather-ear-ring ply ;  
 The haze it does loom, rig out a jib-boom ;  
 With courses array, sheet home hoist away ;  
 Breezes light blowing, standing jib flowing ;  
 To compass, I say, helm balance obey ;  
 White ensign flowing, to *Hercule* going ;  
 Might's conquest for right, waves Dacre's flag, white.

Once meeting again, in pleasure or pain ;  
 Nearing and rowing, boat under sail flowing ;  
 Ocean's swell rearing, Captain Dunn steering ;  
 One minute seen clear, next swell disappear.  
 Reader, can ye tell, enchantress as well,  
 Life streaming in bliss, of pleasure in this ?  
 Old sailors knowing, character showing ;\*  
 The crews both meeting, alongside greeting,  
 Describing between their hurricane scene.  
 " Main and mizen-mast soon went by the blast ;  
 Fore-top-mast obey, they both tore away.  
 With sailor, his way, distresses† to pay ;  
 Mind, meeting with Sue, hoist colours of blue ;  
 With heart in our way that only to say ;  
 For all of us learn, from stem to the stern,  
 With sailor at sea, a true heart must be."

\* Sailors' diction in the sailors' remarks.

† Sailors' mode of expressing " Addresses."

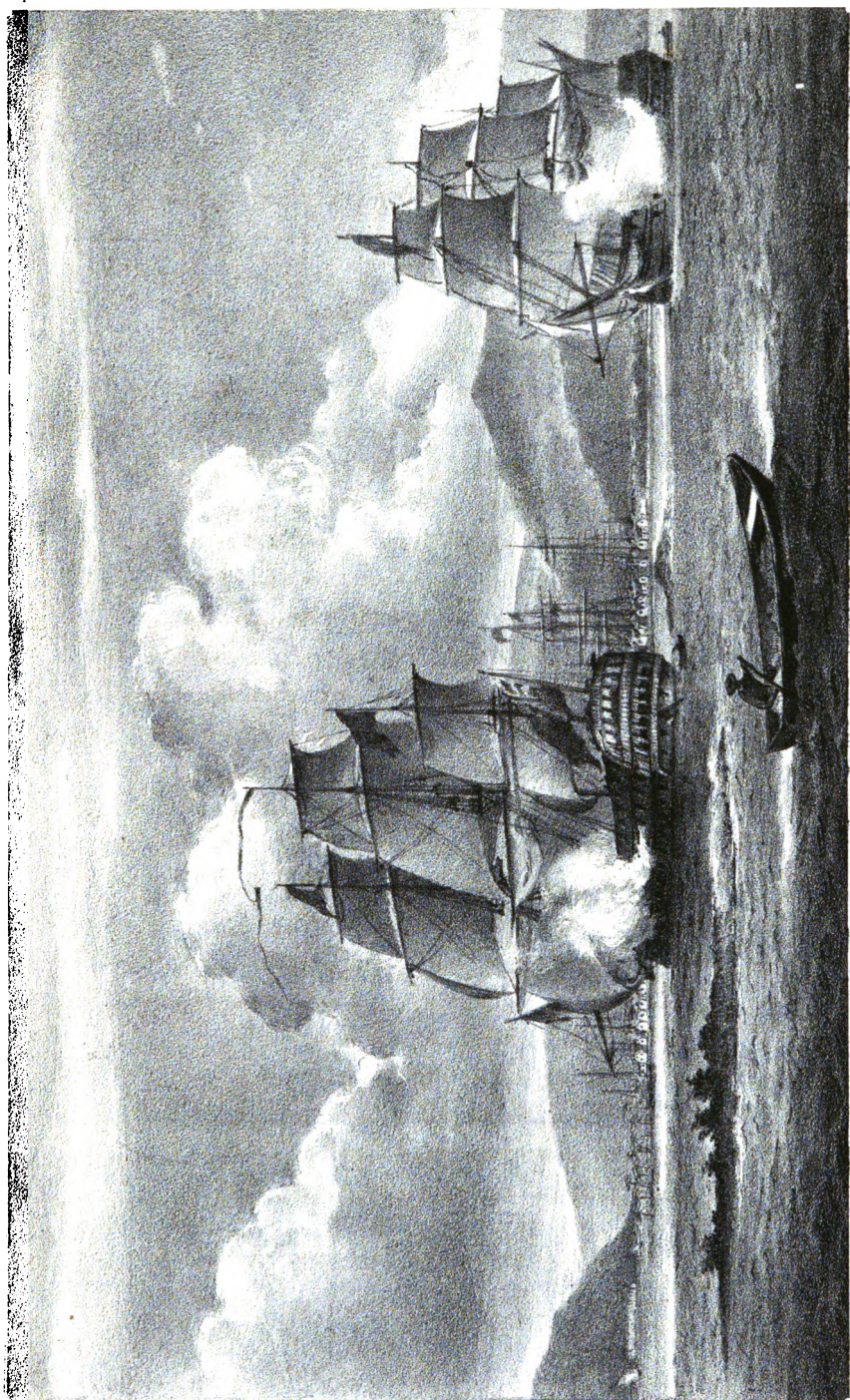
" Regard to that there, as Susan is fair,  
 'The farther apart the nearer the heart;'  
 For go where we will, her compass points still;  
 Blue water, you know, the seaman to shew."  
 " As ocean is large, our cap'en had charge,  
 What matter to we what hurricane be?  
 By lantern's dim light, and pumping all night;  
 Half naked, I say, Jack bailing away;  
 Sinking life linking, homeward-bound thinking;  
 Nelson our manners, man-of-war banners;  
 Fears, catching, you know, why, no man can shew.  
 Three days lasting, cheering and fasting;  
 Labouring to throw the ocean below;  
 Hurrahing and cheering, all the time fearing;  
 On biscuit and grog, *Tea-chest*\* water log;  
 Not a morsel of beef, nor sleep, nor relief;  
 By vital spark light, and children in sight,  
 We kept up *Tea-chest*, with hope for the best.  
 Some change in the mind, we all of us find;  
 For no man can see where quick-sand it be.  
 Like life, you see, Jack, will take us aback;  
 Steerage-way will fail—imbrail the main-sail;  
 Life with stern-way, the helm shift away;  
 Head sails aback, then raise the fore-tack;  
 While squaring away, head-yards, I say;  
 Life filling our sails with prosperous gales;  
 Trust, steady, I say, Miss Fortune, obey!  
 And let her come to, her course to pursue."

\* *Theseus*, called by the sailors, *Tea-chest*.

Now the boat pipe away, to *Hercule* give way ;  
 Fair weather cheering, homeward-bound steering ;  
 Yards squaring away, all hands now obey.  
 High, looming, and grand, St. Domingo land ;  
 With Cuba land seen, Cape Maze on her beam.  
 Enchanting delight, sweet music\* by night ;  
 Not a breath on the sea, in rapture with thee.  
 Terpsichore's sound, returning around ;  
 Sun setting to sleep, day light in the deep ;  
 Inspiring to charm, with vesper star calm,  
 Expanding serene, moon rising between ;  
*One moment or two, star falling to view ;*  
 Sun lending delight till morning star sight ;  
 Returning moon-bright, to wed with day light.  
 In vapour around, the dusky morn crown'd ;  
 Twilighting on high, unveiling the sky.  
 The land wind blowing, undersail flowing ;  
 Towering to skies, blue mountains rise,  
 Fairy land queen, Jamaica is seen ;  
 Sun beaming extreme, the east end is seen ;  
 Port Morant shewing, warriors going ;  
 All hailing delight, Port Royal in sight ;  
 Auld lang sine to sound, the point running round.  
 Safe moored, I say, half cable each way ;  
 Band echoing sound, Port Royal around,  
 With " God save the King," the harbour did ring ;  
 Guns firing away, saluting array ;  
 Black man half asleep, at *Tea-chest* to peep ;

\* The band in a man-of-war playing at sun-set.









With Eve in her best, so fond of *Tea-chest*.  
 Hands were shaking, friendship taking ;  
 Friends in dark night, as true in day-light ;  
 Just as in fighting, messmates uniting,  
 In danger we see, true friendship will be.  
 Good nature knowing, black people shewing ;  
 Many canoe boats, all bringing us notes ;  
 From sweetheart and friend, love's lullaby blend ;  
 Selling us fruits, plantain, and roots ;  
 Love apple for you, forbidden fruit too,  
 Tamarind juices, cooling life's sluices ;  
 Bananna besides, plantain derides ;  
 Pine-apple for Sue, cashoo nut for you,  
 To make it complete, here's shaddock so sweet ;  
 The Duchess\* and all, intending to call.  
 Guava apple too, with spruce in canoe,  
 Here everything grew, with little to do.  
 Sweet orange the first, degenerate must ;  
 Next citron to rule, the lemon to cool ;  
 Sour lemon besides, hot fever derides ;  
 With nature so fair, lemon grass grows there.  
 Old England shewing, cherry ripe growing ;  
 Sweet apple from sue, with strawberry too ;  
 Our flowers to treat, so blooming and sweet ;  
 Our true love to send, in nosegay we blend :  
 On constancy's vine, the myrtle is thine ;

\* The love-apple is a fruit. Forbidden fruit is between the shaddock and the orange. The Duchess was a person who assumed what are called "quality manners." Eve was a gigantic negress, who supplied the ship with all sorts of things. Lemon-grass is made into a beverage, partaking of the lemon flavour.

Sweet violets of blue, the heartsease for two ;  
 Carnation with pink, red rose-bud we link ;  
 Sweet William for you, forget-me-not, too ;  
 The fern sincere, mignonette dear ;  
 With wood-bine to twine round Flora and thine.

While paddling away, yet something to say ;  
 Black man in canoe, with merriment too ;  
 “ Heigh ! Job\* with the rest ! me no know *Tea-chest* ;  
 New face by dee gale, him really look pale !  
 Heigh ! *Tea-chest* at last ; him really no mast !  
 Me know you now well, an old *Sanspariel* ;\*  
 Den *Cocoa Quebec*,† now *Tea-chest* a wreck ;  
 Yes, old *Sanspariel*, let memory tell.”  
 At anchorage ground, the mountains around,  
 With mirth and his fun, comes Flag-Captain Dunn,  
 From Duckworth to pay, to Dâcres to say ;  
 Both meeting again, as sailors are fain ;  
 Nor station, nor place, nor hurricane’s face,  
 Friendship united, nothing had blighted,  
 Old sailors in tears, disarming all fears ;  
 Now tolling the bell, proclaiming all’s well !  
 Valour has stooped—laurel has drooped—  
 Victory at last !—their flag is half-mast !

\* Job, the writer, so called by his brother officers.

† The *Quebec* was denominated *Cocoa Quebec*, from being loaded with Cocoa, which she captured in the store-houses on the Spanish main, near La Guira.

## INCIDENTAL NOTICES.



## INCIDENTAL NOTICES.

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HAVING made allusion in the preceding pages to the *Sanspareil*, the flag-ship of the late Lord Hugh Seymour, which was stationed at Jamaica, I may be allowed to notice a fact or two of interest in reference to that nobleman, who was pleased to take me under his patronage.

His Lordship embarked from Port Royal in the *Gorgon*, to accompany his lady (whose extremely ill health had rendered it necessary she should be removed to Europe,) as far as Morant Point; the *Sting* schooner sailing with them for the purpose of bringing his lordship back to Port Royal after parting with his lady. On his return, that magnificent ship, *Sanspareil*, was for the last time graced with his lordship's flag, blue, at the fore. His lordship was subsequently seized with yellow fever; and, as affording a better hope of his recovery, he was advised to go to sea, for which purpose the *Tisiphone* which came out from England with the *Sanspareil*, and which happened to be in port, was selected. She sailed; when arrived off Port Morant, where only two months previously his lordship had parted with his lady, there he died; and it is remarkable that her ladyship having reached England, died near the same time.

Great indeed were the changes and loss his lordship's followers experienced at his death. Under his kind and gentle rule, his officers had but one way, which was that of his

lordship—an English gentleman. Nor were the sailors insensible to their loss, saying, “going to sea the vessel shouldered her anchors over her beautiful bows as heavy as their hearts.”

The sailing qualities of this magnificent ship were in unison with her name. She was built in France, and was captured on the 1st of June, in Lord Howe’s battle. Her model, it would seem, was English, which many years ago was found missing from the repository. There is yet at the admiralty a section of a ship noted as the *Royal Charles*, built, in the reign of Charles II., which is, below the water-line, exactly similar to the *Sanspareil*, but different above, in conformity with the style of building at that period. We are now building another after this section.

In process of time she lost her sailing qualities from what is termed the breaking of her back; and becoming hogged, hobbled over the ocean to her last moorings. She has since been broken up, and all that remains is that of her remembrance, associated with the loss of the handsomest couple in Europe—the late Lord and Lady Horatia Seymour.

The death of my honoured patron led to my being placed on board the *Quebec*, Captain Grant; Lieut. Barrie, first lieutenant. It may be remarked, that a half-brother of mine was lieutenant in a vessel of the same name, so celebrated for her action with *La Survillante*, when she was burnt, her Capt. Farmer going down with her. Sir T. Bartie told me, whilst I had the honour of spending two days with him at Southampton, that Lord Nelson, Sir T. Trowbridge, himself, and my half-brother, were in India in the same ship; Sir T. Bartie having a marked esteem for him. He also stated the two former messed with the boatswain and the carpenter.

Reverting to my exchange from the *Sanspareil* to the last named ship, I joined as they piped to dinner. Her second







lieutenant, Mr. R., said, "Mr. G., take that *Sanspariel* mid. to mess in your berth." On reaching it, I found a clothless table, with a tin kettle upon it, and a few pewter spoons being handed reciprocally round, with "I say, let the *Sanspariel* mid. have a chance!" Her amiable captain visiting us with inquiries, "I hope, gentlemen, you are comfortable?" "Very, sir, we thank you;" and I thought of the *Sanspariel* being hogged.

We sailed to cruize off La Guira, upon the Spanish main, south of St. Domingo 380 miles. The land over this town is of stupendous height, wooded to the margin of the ocean; this forms a natural barrier to it, the inland side descending with equal grandeur to a vast plain. Some four leagues upon this plain, south of the barrier mountain, stood the city of Caraccas, some years after swallowed up by an earthquake. In the barrier mountain the jaguar is common, an animal very similar to the tiger of India, but much smaller. The Indian method of taking them is, the hunter rests on his knee, with a spear in one hand, on which to receive the animal when it springs, the other being armed with a club of hard wood, to strike it on the loins when speared, and thus the animal is killed. At Caraccas the Infirmary abounds with hunters horribly mutilated.

This being the period of the war with Spain, it was a difficult matter, owing to the presence of the English cruiser, to get the produce of the country (consisting chiefly of tobacco and cocoa) to La Guira. To obviate this difficulty the headlands and capes along shore were provided with storehouses, to which canoes, 60 feet in length, favoured by the land wind, stole, by night, to deposit their cargoes. To intercept these, our boats were constantly employed. During a fortnight's cruize for this purpose, in a six-oared cutter, lying, one moonlight morning, under a vast perpendicular rock, two hundred feet in height, which stands off Cape Cordera, all the men

asleep excepting the two who were paddling to keep concealed under the rock, I asked one of them to sing; he began "The Galley Slave." During the song, the moon, being in a line with the edge of the rock, shone upon the gradually appearing sail of one of these canoes, upon which the song was stopped. With the men under arms, the boat approached her. I directed the man who sung the song to lay his oar across, and fire a musket a-head of her, when the large lug-sail dropped down, accompanied with the creaking sound of the wheel by which it is hoisted,—the neighbouring high land echoing, in the stillness of the night, the screams of a wounded man on board. On taking possession of her, it was found that the man, who was wounded in the thigh, was a Spaniard, condemned as a galley slave for life; his wrists were secured to a pole, and his legs ironed. I sent him in a boat to the *Quebec*, and, fortunately, he got on board her at day-light, when his limb was amputated, and he recovered. Pursuing my way with the canoe loaded with cocoa, covered with hides, I was *en route*, in sight of Curacoa, two days becalmed without water, the dryness of the mouth rejecting the cocoa.

The intensity of the sun's heat, connected with that of thirst; boating under the land by night, wet with the dew; landing with blistered backs, scouring the mountains, and destroying signal towers upon the barriers, was a trial to the constitutions of the boat's crew, from which neither Lieut. Barrie nor myself suffered at all.

My ship soon arrived at Curacoa, when I rejoined, and we sailed again to our former position. Having arrived, we landed, under arms, for the purpose of loading the ship with the contents of the dépôts. The first day we were unmolested, but the second we were assailed with musketry, and also with arrows, the points of which had been hardened and poisoned. Having beat our assailants back, we allowed them to remove their wounded into the wood. During the fight, one of our

marines, named Heard, bayoneted an Indian in a most appalling manner. He lay on the ground in a state of nudity; he appeared to be of a distinct race (copper colour), and was an exceedingly fine man, having an aquiline nose, black eyes, and long black hair, but beardless. The Spaniards, of whom many were killed, were emaciated beings, living upon beef dried by the sun upon the beach.\*

We quitted the bay under the cape, and returned to Jamaica, with our cargo of prize cocoa, whence the name of *Cocoa Quebec* arose.

I was subsequently promoted to Lieutenant in the *Elephant*, from which period the annexed account commences.

\* This was in the year 1802.

## REMINISCENCES

OF THE WRITER, WHILE SERVING IN HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS, AT  
AND ABOUT ST. DOMINGO.

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THE foregoing attempt to describe the condition of the *Hercule* and *Theseus*, during the hurricane they encountered N.E. of Cap Francaise, the principal harbour on the north side of St. Domingo, tempts me to revert to some notes which I made, relative to those interesting events that occurred just previous to, and during my period of active service, connected with that island;—moments upon which sea-faring persons, when lying by on half-pay, love to dwell.

From these reminiscences I hope not only to throw some light upon the history of this beautiful island, and detail some adventures of my own, but also to relate, from recollection, such incidents connected with its several black chiefs as came under my own observation.

I was what midshipmen call “made Lieutenant” of the *Elephant*, 74;—a making to rejoice in, at the termination of six years’ servitude on a former station.

The short peace of 1803 being ended, we were ordered to join Commodore Loring, who, with five ships of the line, blockaded the port of Cap Francaise. At this period, the remnant of Napoleon’s great army was hemmed in at the Cape Town, the negroes under Dessalines having driven them

into it. Under a most tremendous squall of land wind, accompanied by thunder and lightning, the French fleet cut their cables, and attempted to escape; but being very short of provisions, as well as the army, it could not take the latter on board, as was intended. The effort was made late in the day. Concluding the French would steer westerly under cover of the night, such being observed to be their course before it was dark, our squadron, the *Elephant* excepted, bore up in that direction, and next day captured the *Le Duquesne* of 74 guns.

The *Elephant* remaining off the port, light breezes at midnight brought us in sight of *Le du Guay Trouin*. Seeing us a single ship, she evidently concluded it was her consort, for, at day-break her lower deck ports were not open; but she now became aware of her mistake, and made the best of her way, at the same time firing her stern chase guns. Her distance (becalmed during the night) at day-light is shewn by the effect of her guns—her first shot fell into the bowsprit, her second cut nine feet out of the bends, and her third grazed the mizen-fore-gallant mast. She out-sailed us as the steamer in the wind's-eye does the ship, and so escaped. *La Guerrier*, and several other French vessels, escaped to the eastward of Monte Christi.

We returned to Port Royal, and here I exchanged into *La Pique*, frigate, her commander, Capt. Cumberland, being my brother-in-law. I found General Brumet, with his staff, prisoners of war, on board, he having surrendered, together with the French garrison at Aux Cayes, to the *Pique*. When the General quitted the vessel, he requested me to inform Capt. Cumberland of his sense of obligation for the kindness shewn to him whilst prisoner on board his ship.

We sailed to cruize off Cape Francaise; *en route*, the yellow fever broke out, and the surgeon dying of it, the crew were panic seized, and many died. The captain also was attacked,

but by paying every possible attention I could to him, he recovered. While watching him one morning, about 2 o'clock, it blowing a heavy gale, I imagined an enemy was near, and on searching with my night glass, saw a sail, to which we bore up, making the private signal; this was not answered, which was evidence thereof. Upon reaching the Cape, and joining the squadron, the French brig *Lodi* was captured, which admitted that a ship had made the private signal to her, off the island of Tortue.

We returned to Port Royal, when Capt. C. having invalidated, and her newly-appointed captain wishing a lieutenant of his former ship to sail with him, at the request of Sir J. T. Duckworth, I removed into *La Desirée*, Capt. H. Whitby. Bream was first lieutenant, myself second, and the lamented Hon. W. Pakenham third; the former dying, I became her first lieutenant. While in this ship my acquaintance with the negro chiefs of Hayti, particularly Christophe, and the occurrences hereafter related, took place. It may not be improper to introduce them with a few remarks relative to the previous history of this island.

When it was discovered by Columbus it contained a peaceful and happy population of nearly 1,000,000, and the testimony he gave to the worth of these poor aborigines is invaluable. Writing back to his royal master and mistress, he says, "I swear to your majesties that there is not a better people in the world than these; more affectionate, affable or mild. They love their neighbours as themselves, and they always speak smilingly. The first melancholy page in its history is the extirpation of this unoffending people, by the horrid cruelties which the avarice of the Spaniard led him to practice upon them. The next was in the annual introduction of 15,000 negroes from Africa, who were torn from their country, and all they held dear, to supply the loss of life caused by the hard bondage by which their task masters wore out their

miserable lives. Can we wonder that, at the breaking out of the French revolution, and especially when the National Convention, in 1794, declared the negro free, the arm of retributive justice should fall on their oppressors, who, with the words of equality, and the rights of man, in their mouths, still determined to keep the negroes slaves?

The individual whose qualifications of mind and heart peculiarly fitted and pointed him out as the leader of his people, was Toussant L'Ouverture; but he took no part in the first insurrection, and opposed the massacres of 1791, warning the white race, who had enslaved the black, to quit the land, or await their fate. Indeed, his influence in raising a numerous body of his partizans, and releasing the French Governor, Laveaux, in 1795, caused his being proclaimed the protector of the whites, and the avenger of the constituted authorities. From this period his power became supreme, and under his strict, but just rule, the island flourished. To remove all suspicions of his fidelity, in 1796 he sent two of his sons to France as hostages, and to be educated. In 1801, he convoked an assembly, which framed a constitution for the future government of the island. This was sent to Napoleon, then First Consul, whom Toussant informed that it had been received with transport, which would, no doubt, be reiterated, when it should be returned with the sanction of the French government.

At the commencement of the short peace of 1801, proclamations were issued by the French government to restore slavery in Martinique, and *order* in St. Domingo. Toussant immediately issued counter-proclamations, which professed obedience, but left no doubt of his determination to maintain the freedom of his people by force. Napoleon resolving to strike a decisive blow, fitted out a fleet of 54 sail, which took 50,000 troops, the *élite* of the French army, under the command of his brother-in-law, General Le Clerc.

A letter was also written to Toussant, and confided to Le Clerc, in which was explained the object of the armament, viz., that it was not meant to reduce the population to slavery again, but to hail the island as an integral part of the French empire, and especially to protect it with the flag of the mother country, to maintain its freedom, and secure its prosperity, by the judicious measures which Le Clerc would, in accordance with his instructions, adopt; and concluded by stating, that, with the letter, his two sons would be presented to him. Napoleon's idea probably was, that, with such a force against him, Toussant would immediately surrender; but, if otherwise, to detain his two sons on board the fleet as hostages for his submission.

The flattery of the First Consul and the solicitations of his own children were brought to bear upon the negro chief in vain. The letter Le Clerc entrusted to an aid-de-camp, and at the same time disembarked his troops east of Monte Christi. Proclamations were immediately circulated among the black population, containing assurances that they would not be reduced to slavery, but that freedom and protection should be secured to all who laid down their arms and submitted.

The aid-de-camp, accompanied by Toussant's sons, reached the dwelling of the chief in the interior, but found him absent on the south side of the island. Madame Toussant, kept in entire ignorance of the conditions under which her children were restored, received and embraced with rapture her long absent sons, who were now grown fine young men.

The messenger despatched for Toussant, soon reached him, and delivered his message. The chief flew to his house, and rushed to the embraces of his children. When nature had given vent to parental feelings, the aid-de-camp, presented the letter. Upon reading it, Toussant burst into a flood of tears, and pressed his children to his bosom as with a last farewell: turning to the aid-de-camp, he tore the letter and



stamped it under his feet. Once more embracing his children, he cast them from him, saying, "Tell your general I will not sell my country, to redeem my own blood." Madame being deluged in tears, Toussant ordered the aid-de-camp to leave a scene of woe, which his presence only served to aggravate.

The proclamations of Le Clerc weakened the cause of Toussant, by occasioning the desertion of thousands of the negroes, and, at first, the French met with success. Already had the town of Cap Francaise fallen into their hands; the negroes who remained in arms were every where defeated; and Toussant, under sentence of outlawry, driven with a small force into the interior and mountainous parts of the island.

Le Clerc, considering his success certain, issued proclamations, commanding the negroes to return to their masters and their labours. This precipitate measure was fatal. The blacks returned to Toussant, and he now carried on the war successfully. The climate also came to his aid, and the ranks of the French were thinned by the fever of the hot and rainy season, thousands dying weekly. A second negotiation was now set on foot by Le Clerc, who was profuse of his promises to Toussant; "I throw," says he, "a veil of oblivion over everything that has happened at St. Domingo before my arrival. With regard to yourself, you desire repose, and you deserve it; I leave you at liberty to retire to whichever of your habitations you please." Relying upon these professions, Toussant submitted, and was received by Le Clerc with military honours. He repaired to his house at Gonaires, where he was seized, in the midst of his family, by General Brunet, a few days afterwards, on a charge of conspiracy, and, with them, conveyed on board the *Creole*, which was waiting off the coast near his house, taken to Cape Town, where he was transferred to the *Heros* man-of-war, and sent to France, whence he never returned. Thus fell one of nature's great men. Of this act

there can only be one opinion, though even this may have been, in the workings of Divine Providence, wisely over-ruled; for, even had Toussant been allowed to remain, and had he used his influence to secure the submission of the blacks, yet, having once tasted the sweets of freedom, they would never have given up their liberty, and the *shew* of submission would only have been followed by another outbreak, to be succeeded by similar or greater atrocities. Napoleon's own vexatious imprisonment and death in St. Helena have all the appearance of the retributive exercise of the will of Divine Providence. The latter, it would seem, was a sacrifice for the tranquillity of Europe, while Toussant was for the peaceable possession of the land his race had been enslaved upon. Neither does it seem unreasonable to anticipate, that, as the blacks advance in the scale of nations and in civilization at St. Domingo, prompted by ties of consanguinity and love of country, they may be destined to revisit their native land, and open it to Christianity.

To return, Le Clerc's seizure of Toussant proved the last act of an imprudent policy. Dessalines and Christophe, who had also submitted, warned by Toussant's fate, saved themselves by flight; and the negroes deserted the French and simultaneously joined their own ranks under Dessalines, who now became commander-in-chief of the blacks. And now commenced a warfare, marked on both sides by the most horrible atrocities. The negroes, led by Dessalines and Christophe, flew frantically over the mountains, making havoc of the French, and driving them, diminished by war and fever, into Cape Town, the head quarters of Le Clerc, who (it was reported to me) weakened by the effects of the climate, and chagrined by the untoward results of his measures, put a period to his existence. This report was in a measure, corroborated by the following circumstance:—About this period a French ship, under cartel colours, came out of Cap Francaise, having

500 invalid French officers and soldiers on board. Her destination was France, intending to procure provisions for her voyage from the nearest American port. The commander of our squadron having ordered her to Jamaica, I was sent on board with 35 men for that purpose. Some thirty to forty died of the fever on her passage to Port-Royal. Many of the officers were of high military rank, and it was natural that, in the conversations which took place, references should be made to what was passing at St. Domingo, relative to Toussant's seizure, together with that of Le Clerc's death. On one occasion the following dialogue occurred:—To my inquiry, addressed to one of the officers, "Why did Le Clerc break his treaty with Toussant?" he replied, "Le traité n'a jamais été ratifié par la France. Attendez, monsieur le Capitaine! Après avoir recolonisé St. Dominique, aussi long temps, que Toussant y fut resté, adoré comme il était par les noirs, il aurait pu quand bon lui auroit semblé, massacrer les colons; le dernier massacre n'aurait été qu'une répétition des premiers. Soyez en persuadé monsieur, même Le Clerc connaissait bien alors que Toussant avait figuré comme Lieut. Général dans la seconde boucherie des Français, même dans toutes les suivantes de 1794. Ma foi, monsieur que voulez vous donc pour le salut des colons un sacrifice de Toussant pour le bonheur de la France. Voilà tout!"

"Pardonnez moi, mais quand vous vous etes saisi d'Toussant dans sa maison et que vous l'avez embarqué pour la France, tous les noirs ont abandonné les Français, et se sont réunis contre Le Clerc."

"Monsieur le Capitaine, ce coup précipité a causé la perte de la colonie."

"Il me parait, Monsieur, qu'en enlevant Toussant vous vous etes trompé politiquement; même après ceci avant d'avoir fait la conquête generale de l'isle, tout était perdu!"

“Oui, Capitaine, cette erreur politique a terminé les jours de le Clerc.”

“Pardonnez moi, mais de quel genre de mort a-t-il departu de ce monde.”

“Ah, je n'en sçais rien !”

“Il me semble quand le grand Toussant apprendra en France que les noirs, par son sacrifice, possèdent en paix St. Dominique son coeur s'en rejouira, ayant accompli tous ses desirs.”

To resume the narrative: the ships of war despatched their boats to receive the fugitives, and the cannon from the forts were cast into the sea, lest, during embarkation, they should be turned upon them by the blacks. The negroes having gained Cape Town, the French troops were driven into the principal fort, where Rochambeau, now chief in command, made a gallant defence, and, rallying his troops, drove the blacks from the town, who then encamped in its neighbourhood, closely investing it, and cutting off all supplies on the land side; while, unfortunately for the remains of the French armament, the war with England had broken out, and their escape by sea was prevented by the blockading squadron under Commodore Loring.

The troops being pressed for provisions, they were obliged to make sorties for foraging requisitions: during these, many blacks were captured, who were brought into the town, and made the subject of reprisals for the slaughter practised on the whites.

This state of things could not last long; and, at the end of November, 1803, General Rochambeau signed a capitulation, by which the French ships of war and the merchant vessels were surrendered to the English, under Commodore Loring; and the remnant of the fine army, sent out two years before, became prisoners of war, and were thus spared the fate Des-salines designed them.

General Noel, at Cape Nicholas Mole, and Gen. Brunet, at Aux Cayes, maintained their ground; the first on the north, the second on the south, side of the island. Subsequently, General Brunet surrendered to *La Pique* and the *Pelican*, and, with his division, was sent to Jamaica as prisoners of war. Here a conspiracy was formed to take the two ships to France, but its early detection prevented its accomplishment. General Noel embarked, with his division, in small vessels, meditating an attack on New Providence, where every preparation was made to receive him; but many of his vessels were wrecked, and an English privateer engaged the one which contained the General—boarded her—and he was sabred.

Immediately upon the capitulation of the French at Cape Town, Dessalines issued proclamations, assuring the French residents who chose to remain, that their persons and property should be held sacred, with full liberty to trade as other inhabitants. These he caused to be circulated in all the ports, as well as Cape Town, particularly at Port au Prince, and many of the French residents, relying on these assurances, remained, to their sorrow.

In January, 1804, the black chiefs proclaimed the independence of the island; for ever severing all connection with France, and assuming the ancient Indian name of Hayti. Dessalines (frequently described to me as a short stout black with one foot cloven) was nominated governor for life, with absolute power, which he was not long in exercising. In violation of his promises, he ordered an indiscriminate and general massacre of all the French whites, without respect to age or sex, exciting the negroes to the most horrible cruelties, by reminding them of the wrongs they had endured at the hands of the whites. In October, 1804, he assumed the title and state of Emperor, under the name of Jacques L., and a new constitution was formed, providing for the exigencies of the

new government. But his tyrannical conduct rendered him the detestation of the people, and his last attempted atrocity, the massacre of the mulattoes, proved his own destruction. He summoned one of his generals into his presence, commanding him to march to Port au Prince for that purpose. The general remonstrating, he ordered him from his presence, and upon pretence of dictation, had him shot or hung next day. Dessalines now prepared to march himself, ordering his troops to follow. Madame, his wife,\* implored his clemency, but he was inexorable, and she directly despatched information of his intention. On his arriving near the town, attended by a small body-guard, he was met by a deputation of the finest young men, having arms secreted upon their persons, who, filing off on both sides of the road, received Dessalines, who was in an open carriage, into their ranks. He, totally unconscious that their object was any other than to pay him homage, passed through the ranks, when they suddenly surrounded, fell upon him, and cut him to pieces. This took place in October, 1806.

Christophe immediately assumed the government; and proclamations were issued appointing him President for life. He made his confederate Pétion his lieutenant in Port au Prince and the Southern Provinces, which he had held under Dessalines. This arrangement, however, gave such little satisfaction to either, that a quarrel soon ensued, which was followed by a contest that lasted for several years, when, mutually tired of it, they suspended hostilities without the formality of an agreement.

At the commencement of this period, we cruized before Cape Nicholas Mole, and sailed subsequently up the beautiful bight of Leoganne, at which *cul de sac* is Port au Prince, where I had the happiness of successfully effecting the escape

\* A remarkably large woman, of a very mild disposition, and whom I knew subsequently.

of a French planter. A black colonel of Christophe's, whose custom was to exhaust the resources of the planters by heavy requisitions, and then murder them, had summoned before him a planter, who owned a valuable estate, sloping down to the sea, on the paradisiacal bight of Leoganne, and who had confided in the black proclamation. Heavy requisitions had left him penniless, and a demand being now made on him for 500 dollars, his watch and rings were taken, and the black monster demanded other valuables; the planter said he had nothing left but a pair of silver mounted pistols, which were at his lodgings; these the black went with him to receive. The Frenchman took them down, and fired one at the negro, which only flashed in the pan, but so alarmed him that he jumped out of the window, and the planter made his escape to the American tavern, which was kept by a woman friendly to the planters, where it was arranged that he should fly to the woods, taking a week's provision with him, and having a future supply as needed, until an opportunity occurred for his escape; a difficult matter to accomplish, as sentinels were placed upon all the wharfs, and all American vessels searched previous to sailing, to prevent the escape of the French. At this juncture, the *Desirée* very opportunely arrived at Port au Prince, when poor Pakenham (since shipwrecked,) and I went on shore to play billiards at the said tavern. The woman took me aside, and related these circumstances, adding that the man was then in her cellar, having come in from the woods upon hearing of our arrival. At this moment one of the boat's crew came up to the tavern to say that the boat was come for us; I immediately went down into the cellar, dressed the Frenchman in my uniform coat, gold laced hat, and dirk, and he succeeded in getting to the boat, and on board the ship, quite unsuspected. The boat returning, one of the crew brought my uniform, when I went on board, and enjoyed the unspeakable satisfaction of witnessing the happiness of the

gentleman in whose escape I had been instrumental. When he saw me, he burst into tears, and endeavoured to express his gratitude for what he was pleased to term my kindness; and, as a small token of the obligations he was under to me, begged me to accept his pistols, which I declined, assuring him that I could claim no merit in doing what happened to be both my pleasure and my happiness. On our sailing we fell in with an American vessel, when he left us for America, with many expressions of gratitude, and much affected.

Previous to leaving Port au Prince, we went to many parties given by French planters, who, strange to tell, notwithstanding the requisitions were destroying them, were still unwilling to leave the island; and a ball was also given us, on account of the escape of the planter to the *Desirée*, at which the black Colonel was present. We dined with Petion, who had been educated at Paris, and found him in every respect a gentleman—mild, affable, and polite; and his mind evidently shuddered at the massacres he could not avert. This probably served to increase the grounds of quarrel between him and Christophe, which broke out into open hostilities in 1807, when the mulattoes under Petion sustained a complete defeat, and he was driven into Port au Prince, where, however, he maintained his ground, and ultimately obtained the southern province, the plain about the Bay of Gonares becoming a mulatto republic, under his presidency.

We returned to Port Royal (Jamaica), and having refitted, we sailed again, our destination being Cap Francaise, where Christophe governed as President. Having arrived, we furled sails, and moored the ship under the mountains of Cape Town, when Capt. Whitby had an opportunity of gratifying his curiosity by visiting this extraordinary chief; and, as he did not understand French, I was selected, having a common place knowledge of that language, to accompany him as interpreter. Christopher received us with every possible civility and atten-



tion; offering, as he said, anything in his power to a flag he so highly venerated. He was a stout, well-grown person, quite black, but with the russet tinge upon the cheek, analogous with the flush colour on the cheek of the European, betokening health. Count Marmalade, his secretary, was beside him, and he was attended by many blacks, who formed his suite. Upon our introduction, he told me that he did not understand the English language—a mere pretence. I replied in French that I had the honour to present to him the captain of His Britannic Majesty's ship, *La Desirée*, which had anchored in his port to recruit, water, and procure comforts our sick were in need of. Turning to the Count, he directed our wants should be attended to.

We were then invited to partake of his second breakfast, which, with his staff, we accepted; at which, also, Madame Dessalines, the widow of his predecessor, was present, to whom he introduced us, remarking, he knew our country never forgot to protect the widow and orphan. Madame Christophe and her daughters were also present, and after our repast, played on the harp.

Turning suddenly, Christophe desired me to invite my Captain, with his officers, to dine with him next day; adding, "tell your Captain, if he has any company on board, I will order an opera to be directly prepared." "Company!" said Capt. W., quickly, "tell him I'll bring company enough." Christophe laughingly replied, "Mais quelle compagnie?" To which Capt. W. answered, "Tell him the ship's company to be sure;" a reply with which he seemed much gratified, affecting the highest regard for a people, "who," he said, "had always resisted the cruelties of the French." Here finished our first interview with Christophe; some of our party returned on board, others strolled about the town.

We observed that sentries were posted upon all the wharfs, and we now learned, that, in express contravention of the arti-

cles of capitulation, and the proclamations which promised that the persons and property of the French, who chose to remain, should be respected, massacres of the French, and everything horrible to contemplate were the order of the night. To the charge of treachery, the blacks quoted the example of the French in seizing Toussant L'Ouverture.

Christophe had hardly assumed the reins of government, when he commenced erecting a fortress upon the summit of a mountain contiguous to the town and harbour, which he denominated Fort Ferriere, or Iron Fort; this fort, which included a palace, he so strongly fortified, as to render it impregnable. It was inaccessible but by steep circuitous paths, and was supplied with brass cannon, principally English, which had come to Saint Domingo by a singular combination of circumstances. They had formed part of the ordnance of the army under the late Duke of York, and fell into the hands of the French when they obtained possession of Ostend, in 1794. Le Clerc had brought them to St. Domingo, and they fell into the hands of the negroes upon the surrender of the remnant of his force to Commodore Loring. This fort was kept stored with provisions for an army for a year, and the mountain abounding in springs, their waters were conveyed by conduits to immense tanks within the fortress, to supply the garrison, in case a drought should cause the springs to fail. To store and complete this fort, planters and all other French whites were compelled to render assistance, either in hard dollars or personal service. The requisitions exhausted the means of the one class, and out-of-door labour, under a tropical sun, destroyed the lives of the other, many dying under their labours; others, incapable (from over exertion) of self-support, were thrown over the precipice; those who escaped death in this shape, were exposed to butchery during the night, by a cruel and drunken soldiery, who frequently made the streets resound with the cries of their miserable victims.

This was the chapter of horrors learned by us the first day of our arrival, and to substantiate it, our third lieutenant, Hon. W. Pakenham, when he came on board, reported that he had just witnessed the French men and women flying before the bayonets of the soldiers into the sea, and there bayoneted or drowned.

The next day we landed to dine with Christophe; fifty of the finest men of our ship's company were selected, and ordered to be on shore for the opera at seven o'clock. They were remarkably fine men, with frocks and trowsers white as snow, straw hats, and blue ribbons round them.

It may here be remarked that the Americans had a considerable trade here, particularly in salt provisions for the fort, reloading with coffee, &c. There were in consequence a considerable number of American vessels in port.

We landed about two o'clock, but as our invitation to dinner was not until four, we amused ourselves by strolling about the town, though annoyed by the watching and impertinence of the black soldiers, who followed us. Falling in with an American, he invited me to take some refreshment, to which I assented, and he asked me to get off some French people. I readily entered into his plans, and, to deceive the sentinels, it was arranged that they should be disguised in the red frocks and trousers of the American sailors. I was so busily occupied in sending off some sixteen individuals, perfectly unsuspected by the sentinels, that I was unconscious of the flight of time, and found an hour had passed beyond the time appointed for dinner: I then accepted the invitation of an American to dine at his house, with him and some of his countrymen, chiefly captains, supercargoes, &c. Towards eight o'clock I arose from the table, intending to join my party at the opera, well knowing that my captain would feel no displeasure when he knew the cause of my absence. My departure was prevented by the arrival of a stranger, who pressed me with

the most urgent entreaty, in which he was joined by the whole party, to get off a French planter and his wife, who had given their last requisition, and, as usual, in such cases, were to be massacred that night, owing to their being unable to meet another laid on them, (the plan of the negroes being to levy requisitions; neglect or inability to meet which was followed by violation and murder). I remonstrated, urging their being secreted until next day, as the time would excite suspicion, but my remonstrances were overruled, and I consented, when the parties to be got off came in, with information that the boat waited. The planter appeared a thorough bred gentleman, and his wife was young and beautiful, and rendered doubly interesting as the mother of an infant only three months old, which she held in her arms; of the existence of this latter, by-the-bye, I was not previously aware, but I served under a captain who taught all under his command to grapple with difficulties as they arise. I took them into a small room, and disguised them in the trim of American sailors, exerting myself to cheer the agitated wife and mother—promising to carry her infant myself upon my arm, wrapped in a boat cloak. All ready, I led the way; the Americans, whose lives would have been endangered had they been known to have infringed the laws, followed. Arrived at the wharf, the sentinel hailed, “*Qui vive ?*” “*Officier Anglais qui s’embarque á bord la fregate.*” The child at this moment unhappily, cried; the sentinel charged me with his bayonet, saying, “*par avance.*” The mother was bewildered and almost senseless, and I was obliged to arouse her, by angrily saying, “*prenez votre enfante,*” and tremblingly she took it. Meanwhile the sentinel was calling out aloud, “*La garde ! la garde ! la garde !*” He then charged me, but the moon shining, I succeeded in parrying his thrust, and he retreated, crying “*La garde !*” while I called aloud to my charge, “*Embarquez ! Embarquez !*” which they did, and were soon rowed away to an American vessel.

Unfortunately, I did not know the way to the opera, so I never saw it; I returned to the tavern hoping to procure a guide. The affair soon got wind, and before I could procure a guide, the officer of the guard appeared, smoking a cigar. He was a tall athletic black, wearing the remnant of a French military officer's uniform, with the wreck of an epaulette on one shoulder, and wing on the other; but neither shirt, nor shoes, nor waistcoat, and his trousers in tatters—a cocked hat completed his costume; he had his sword in his hand. I took a cigar from my pocket, and asked him for a light, which he gave me, and we paced the room together; suddenly eyeing me from head to foot, he pushed me down, saying, his rank was superior to mine. The absence of an epaulette upon my uniform, a distinction not then worn by lieutenants, no doubt gave him the impression. Recovering myself, I drew my sword, when he threw away his cigar, and left the room, to bring in his guard. I again tried to get a guide, but was unable; and the officer speedily returned, followed by his guard: they snatched at my sword, and I fell back to the wall, to have them all in front, when one of them took his musket in both hands to knock me down; I said, "*Si vous m'ecrassez vous aurez la guerre,*" telling the officer I was his prisoner, and giving him my sword, told him to take it to his master the President, and await his orders, as this seemed the only likely way of the intelligence of my rather desperate situation reaching my captain; but my parley seemed unavailing, and the cry was raised, "*Tournez lui dehors,*" at the same time seizing me. I grasped the iron leg of a marble table, a fixture in the wall; at the same time attempting to reason with them, "I am your prisoner, and await the orders of the President," &c. I maintained my position by the table for some time, until the master of the tavern, a black of fierce aspect, forcibly tore me away, and I was on the point of being thrust out into the street, and butchered in the dark, when,

happily, who should appear but Bream, our first lieutenant, who, wanting a change of air and scene, had left the opera between the acts; fortunately, he passed this way, and hearing a row or disturbance, he entered. I hastily communicated my situation to him, and he then left to return to the opera, telling the officer he held him answerable for my life; but I refused to leave the house with him, lest they should follow us and murder me in the way, preferring to wait where I was until he made Captain Whitby aware of my situation. After his departure, in spite of my remonstrances to await the decision of the President, I was again upon the eve of being turned out, when Capt. Whitby appeared, followed by the sailors, and the guard immediately fled out of the opposite door. The pleasure I felt in Capt. W.'s sanction I shall never forget, nor can I cease to appreciate his promptitude in coming to my rescue. When Bream arrived at the opera, he informed Capt. W., who was seated by the side of the President, of my perilous situation, when the Captain leaped from his seat, calling aloud, "*Desirée's*, away!" which was instantly responded to by three cheers from the sailors, when they left the house, to the astonishment of Christophe.

We left the tavern for the wharf, but our boats had not come for us; trumpets and bugles were sounding in the town, and blue lights and rockets were answered from fort to fort, and the whole town was astir. Christophe at length arrived, mounted on horseback, and followed by the soldiery; he made some remarks to Capt. Whitby, which procured the rejoinder, "He be ———." I went up to Christophe to explain, and told him I was going on board when his sentinel charged me with his bayonet. He replied, he knew me, and that I had procured the escape of the planter at Port au Prince; then, calling for the officer of the guard, he beat him with his sword for not having despatched me at first, sent him to prison, and hung him next day. Christophe now ordered as many troops

as the wharf would hold to fall in as guard over us; upon this the sailors fell in opposite of their own accord, saying, if the captain would only give the word, they would soon have their muskets out of their hands, with the black gentleman, horse and all, into the boat, when it came. But this was not permitted.

The boats arrived at midnight, and we embarked, picking up some Frenchmen, who swam off to be saved. During the night, rockets were answered from fort to fort, and all the troops near at hand were *en ville* by daylight. I turned in when I got on board, as I had the morning watch; at four o'clock I relieved the watch; day had broke, when I saw a canoe coming to us; it contained a pilot, who said Christophe had sent him to order the ship to quit the anchorage in an hour, or she was to be blown out of the water. This accounted for the rockets from fort to fort during the night. Ordering the boat to lay off, I reported the message to Capt. W., who told me to tell the pilot to wait alongside until he came on deck, and to direct the sentinel to shoot him if he attempted to pull on shore. The man waited till Capt. W. came on deck, when he ordered the pilot on board. He came repeating Christophe's orders, adding he would send on board to search the ship. Capt. W. told the pilot he should depart when he thought proper, and if, when he took the ship out, he got her on shore, he would shoot him. Ordering the hands to be turned up to unmoor the ship (and never, perhaps, was ship unmoored with such rapidity), twenty minutes saw H.M. ship, *La Desirée*, warped close alongside the *water battery*!

A gun was fired, and a white flag hoisted at the fore, and the first lieutenant sent on shore to know whether the President's intentions were hostile? Christophe's reply was, the captain was "Garcon diable. Coquin Anglais!" and to go away. We remained several days, when we got the anchors up, hanging by a hawser to a ship; set our sails,

beat to quarters, and departed, the forts ready, and thus we stood to sea.

It was some years before I again visited this port, when I was commander of a sixteen gun brig. Once more dropping anchor, with furled sails, I shoved off to pay my respects to my old acquaintance, Christophe. I well remembered the long room in which I had introduced Capt. Whitby to him, and where, after waiting half an hour, I again saw him. I addressed him, intending to tell him that I came to pay my respects, but he walked hastily on, pacing the room, taking snuff immoderately. Watching when he again came near me, I made my bow, which he, perceiving, stopped, came to me, saying, "Attendez! attendez!" Taking my hand, he said, "Will you dine with me? will you go to my opera? will you visit Fort Ferriere?" The former I assured him I would with pleasure; the latter I did not so well relish the idea of. He smiled, and again taking my hand, said, "You will not break my laws again?" which I promised I would not, after which he shewed great kindness to me. At this time H. M. ship *Dædalus*, Capt. Inglefield, was at the anchorage, and that officer had desired me to tell the President, that, as he had detained his admiral,\* and sent him to Jamaica, on the plea that the Haytien flag was not acknowledged by Great Britain, he wished to know whether the President would allow him to wait upon him, to which Christophe replied, "I do not know

\* The admiral (whose name was Goodall) had returned from detention, and invited Capt. I., and myself, to dine with him; but, previous to our going, he sent to know whether he might appear in his uniform, remarking, he believed he had no authority to appear before an English captain in his Haytien uniform. The question was answered in the affirmative. We rode out after dinner, and it being dark when we returned, and we riding fast, Goodall lost both epaulettes, sword, and belt. He told us Christophe had commissioned him, when he went to England, to bring a fine paper border for his palace, which he having forgotten to do, Christophe nailed doubloons (16 dollar gold pieces) as a substitute.



Capt. Ingleford, but, as an English captain, I will render him every civility."

My own intercourse with him was of the freest and most unrestrained character, frequenting his house at all times; and my wife being on board, received large presents of fruit, and every possible attention from him. In return for his politeness I invited him to second breakfast with me on board, and prepared my ship, &c., accordingly. In reply to my invitation he said, "My father was brought across the sea from Africa, and never returned; Toussant L'Ouverture was carried across the sea to France, and never returned; the sea is treacherous, and I never intend trusting it by putting foot in a boat."

I went to sea, promising to revisit him, and he lent me books and Cape Town newspapers, extracts from which would be in no small degree amusing, as, for example, "The President has departed, with his august family, to his *retirée*, *Sans Souci*, where they enjoy those domestic joys so rarely known by the great," &c.

On our return to this place for a few days, I received the same attentions, and dined with him on the Saturday previous to sailing. Upon taking leave he told me he was going a journey the day after, whither I did not inquire. It happened that two of my boat's crew deserted that night, and having no hope of recovering them, at day-light I sailed away.

Knowing that all Christophe's fleet were lying at Port au Paix, and having a great desire to see something of it, I made all sail for that port, running along shore with the land breeze. The water is so transparent, that, though of great depth, the bottom is clearly seen: steering with a man at the mast head to report black spots under water, as in the Bahama pilotage. We were occasionally surprised, by the sound of trumpets pealing along the hills, when suddenly, between the breaks of the wood, we observed Christophe riding at full speed for Port

at Paix, at which place he arrived first. At length, under a broiling sun, we anchored in the midst of his fleet; not having acknowledged the flag, I could not salute him, but scaled all my guns, which soon set his fleet in smoke, firing in no regular time. I landed and met him, when he said, "You see the land is safer than the sea." I told him two of my men had deserted the last evening at the Cape; he said he had overtaken them, and asked them questions; that they were coming to Port au Paix, and I should soon have them. It so happened that they, not knowing I should go to Port au Paix, had taken the road to that place, intending to get on board some American, and so escape. An hour afterwards they were delivered to me, having been brought in by dragoons, behind whom they had been lashed. I made my acknowledgments to Christophe, and went on board to see his commodore; this leader of the band did not come on deck, so I went down to him, and found him seated upon a table, surrounded by his officers, with only their trousers on, smoking cigars. They had plenty of noveau among them, of which I drank, but was soon glad to come on deck for fresh air; my boatswain found his way to his brother officer's store-room, and got some small line for the flying-kites of the brig. Having seen and smelt enough, I returned on board my brig, intending to sail next morning at daybreak. I had dined on board, when, towards sun-set, I landed with my wife, to take an evening's walk, and strolled a mile or two west of the town. Coming round a promontory that terminates on the margin of the sea, we met a number of prisoners under an escort to prison; to my astonishment, two of them called upon me to claim them as British subjects; I went to them; the black under whose charge they were, ordered me not to interfere, and, recollecting my promise to Christophe, I assured him I would not, further than to inquire who they were. I found they belonged to the Bahamas, where they had seen me. I

told them to be quiet, and I would claim them; they were then marched on, and I repaired to the house where Christophe was staying, but found as he was leaving Port au Paix at four o'clock next day, he had retired to rest. I returned on board. Having received so many proofs of kindness from Christophe, and feeling the urgency of the case, I would not send an officer to claim the men, but resolved to go myself; so landing again about half-past two o'clock next morning, about three, Christophe appeared, and was very much surprised at seeing me. I told him "I should never have done asking kindnesses of him." "Anything he could do for me he would." I stated the case. He said to the commandant of the town, "Order all the prisoners before me." This, indeed, was a sight of horror; about eighty emaciated creatures, all but naked, with countenances expressive of the deepest misery and wretchedness stood before us. Christophe looked awhile, then beckoned one before him, "De quel pays natal," said he, "Monsieur je suis Francais." Yet with this individual there was a nonchalance bordering on insensibility, certainly in his present case, a useful quality; he did not look up. Christophe continued, "Move your foot from the earth I stand upon." Turning to me, he said, "Listen, and judge why I will not live with the French!" He then repeated the story of their wrongs, from the arrival of Le Clerc, the seizure and forcible embarkation of Toussant, with his untimely end! dwelt with passionate violence on the procedure of the French during their contest with the negroes, relating several instances of cruelty, particularly that to a negro leader, named Maurepa,\* who was the first to surrender to the French.

Somewhat appeased, he called up some Americans of colour, whom his fleet had taken trading with Petion. Turning round, he called the two English subjects I had claimed, at the same time beckoning to the Frenchman again to stand

\* Vide Christophe's Manifesto, Sept. 1814.

before him, remarking to the latter, "When I called you at first you did not look me in the face;" continuing, "Captain, are not these two who look me in the face your English subjects?" Replying in the affirmative, he said to the Frenchman, "you see the difference of the country." Ordering the Frenchman away, I ventured a plea in his behalf; his countenance changed, with vehemence saying, "You promised not to violate my law, I gave you your own subjects." He called the only black woman up, and said, "Ma chère de quel pays natal?" She not replying, he asked me, if, in my country, when we pay address, we do not get a *smile*; when he gave her to me with those whose lot it fell to, at my instance, to be rescued.

The result of his examination, together with their entreaty and my intercession, was, that some 10 or 12 men, and one woman, along with the two Bahama English negro subjects, were given up to me, while the poor Frenchman was called forward, tantalized with the hope of freedom by witnessing that of others, and then ordered back to prison to mark, as Christophe said, the different estimation in which he held the subjects of the two nations. I thanked him, and shook hands with him, when he said he would go down to the boat with me. On our way he said, "Does your country think the laws I govern my people by severe?" I said, "It does." He stopped and said, "They do not know the people I have to govern; but if it pleases God to spare my life, as civilization advances, it will be the happiest moment of my life to reduce their rigour. Since I came to govern a people, what astonishes me most is, their different temperament. Although that woman knew few ever lived to quit that dungeon, yet she neither thanked me nor spoke. I can only compare such difference with that of the sweet orange scattering its seed, degenerating to the sourest lime in yonder woods." It was upon this occasion that he told me he was born at St. Chris-

topher's, whence he was named. For the first time during my intercourse with him, he asked if I was related to his late Excellency the Governor-General of our West-Indian dependencies; I acquainted him he was my uncle; when he stopped, and, taking my hand, told me he was venerated, and justly so, as a good man, whilst it afforded infinite gratification to him to have met any relative to whom he could testify his esteem. Resuming, he inquired whether Hamilton was living, who was his Excellency's Secretary? I informed him I believed he was; and likewise that he was then diplomatist to Lord Nelson. We had now reached the boat, to which he had sent fruits and live stock, when, after exchanging our best wishes, we parted for the last time. The next day I sailed away, arriving at New Providence, the seat of our government among the Bahama Islands; the people, whose lot it was to be rescued by me, as happy as myself.

The truth of the adage that "those who cannot obey are unfit to command," is illustrated in the case of Christophe, inasmuch as he ran away from his master at St. Kitt's, to St. Domingo. While his retaliatory cruelties, exercised upon the white race were unrestrained, in an abstract point, those towards his own race pourtray a ceberal action foreign to both; although historical record furnishes us with instances of higher developements in both races. The frightful recollections of Christophe, in reference to his father, and his race, in their being torn away from all their nearest and dearest associations in their African country, and consigned to bondage; the fact of Toussant's forcible abduction, and the manner of Maurepa's destruction, followed by the measures of the French to again introduce slavery, would seem to have harrowed up all traces of his real nature, even to the blinding of his discrimination between black and white. This should lead us, especially taking into account their lower mental developements, to palliate what otherwise we should feel justified in condemning.

Twelve years' knowledge of this race, convinced me, even in their bondage, of their astonishing endurance; and that with drollery, which, I imagine, under similar conditions, would be for ever banished from the white race!

It is remarkable that the greatest cruelties were perpetrated upon the slave, by those who were manumitted, and had become owners of slaves. At Jamaica, a manumitted black tied the wrists and ancles of a slave he owned to a high pailing, flogged him to satiety in the presence of his other slaves, and then applied the juice of the lime to his excoriated back. The following morning he was found hung to a higher part of the pailing; his wrists and ancles being released, bore marks of his writhing under the lash! Colonial law not admitting evidence upon the oath of the slave, the owner escaped the penalty.

The end of Christophe was that of self-destruction by a pistol, at his country house, Sans Souci, whither he had fled when overpowered by his conspirators, retributively to free themselves from his cruelties upon his own race.

In the fate of the distinguished and important personages who are brought prominently before us in the foregoing pages, we may see the workings of Providence. Toussant L'Ouverture's removal from St. Domingo overruled by a higher power, to prevent the recurrence of those massacres which might have been the result of re-colonization by France, and the attempt to reduce to slavery again the negroes now in possession of freedom. Rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, we see Napoleon taking the reins of government, and leading the French nation to a height they never had attained before, until the fatal talisman, Ambition, divorced\* his prosperity, and winged the imperial eagle to the

\* Josephine, the widow of General Beauharnois, Governor of St. Domingo, (who was afterwards guillotined) subsequently became the imperial consort, and the oracle of Napoleon's destinies. In her youthful days, at Martinique,

rock St. Helena, a sacrifice to peace and concord. In the career of Dessalines and Christophe, we see the instruments of the Divine purpose raised up to accomplish and secure the liberties of the negro race, and then left by the abuse of their power to visit upon them some portion of those cruelties they had inflicted upon the French; until, having filled up the measure of their iniquities, and exceeded the bounds of forbearance, human and Divine, the one falls by assassination, and the other by his own hand.

In the position of the negroes, in St. Domingo, now masters of the country, in which the cupidity of their fellow men had doomed them to slavery, may we not see forebodings of good for Africa? For the descendants of the West Indian slave, elevated by freedom, civilized by education, enlightened by the doctrines of Christianity, will become the civilizers and regenerators of Africa. Thus, the greatest curse ever inflicted on humanity, *slavery*, will, by Providence, be overruled for a blessing, and what Europe has attempted in vain, will thus be accomplished by those whom the white man, in the pride of cerebral superiority, has, perhaps, been accustomed comparatively to undervalue.

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During my sojourn in these seas, the following singular circumstance, illustrative of the voracity of the shark, occurred. Sir Edw. Hamilton, commanding the *Success* frigate, was becalmed under the high land of Cape Tiberon, in company with an American brig, which he had detained under suspi-

of which she was a native, it was foretold to her, by an humble negress, that she would wear a crown, but that she would outlive her dignity, and die in a hospital. This received a remarkable verification in her divorce, and subsequent death in "L'Hopital des Invalides."

cious circumstances. The *Active* schooner of war was also becalmed next day, and the following forenoon her crew took a shark, in the maw of which they found a tin case, containing ship's papers. No communication took place between the vessels of war, and some months afterwards the *Active* returned to Port Royal; and, as it was usual for all commanders of ships to dine with the Admiral on the day of their arrival, the captain of the *Active* did so. At dinner, Sir E. Hamilton, who was present, stated that the case of the American, which he had detained, was coming on for adjudication the next day, and he was afraid it would go against him, as the papers found on board would clear her. The commander of the *Active* mentioned the tin case which he found in the shark off Cape Tiberon, when Sir E. Hamilton requested him to bring it into court next day, which he did, and handed them forward just after the American had sworn he never had other papers than those found in his vessel. When he saw the case, and heard the papers read, and how they were procured as evidence against him, he gave up the matter, ran out of court, and his vessel was condemned as a prize. The shark's jaw-bones were preserved, and hung for years after in the Vice-Admiralty Court, at Jamaica, as a warning to others.

It may be worth while to mention some other instances of the voracity of this fish. While at anchor in Samana bay, at the north-east end of the island, the *Franchise*, *Aurora*, and *Dædalus* in company, the crew of the latter caught a shark, in which was found a living turtle, weighing upwards of forty pounds; it survived some time, not having received any external injury beyond a slight scratch on one of its fore paws, most probably when seized by the shark. The jaws of this shark, when cleaned, passed over the head of the captain of the *Dædalus*, down to his feet, without touching any part of his dress. Several others were caught by the same vessel, in one of which was found a whole turkey, and a fine pickled



tongue, which had been thrown overboard by one of the ships. In another was found an entire calf, which had been thrown overboard from the *Dædalus* the night before, it having died. In another, taken by the same ship, from 10 to 14 sharks, two or three feet in length, were found alive,\* which had evidently been from home, as was proved by the contents of their stomachs when opened. This was stated to me by her then captain, now Rear-Admiral Inglefield, who remarked, "The well-known fact that the shark gives shelter to its young, by receiving them into its stomach, accounts for the turtle having retained life after being swallowed."

From Cape Tiberon, proceeding eastward, having been destined to cruize three months in the Mona Passage, I reached the town of Aux Cayes on the south side of the island, then in possession of the negroes; the English and American merchants were carrying on a considerable trade with this town, but during some months past had been plundered of goods and specie to the amount of near 100,000 dollars by a fast sailing privateer; I determined, if possible, to capture her, but she outsailed me, so I gave it up, and anchored at this place. Stripping the foremast to impress her with the idea of my having sprung it, I concluded she would attempt to land her cargo here; this deception serving, she anchored without range of my guns, as I expected. I applied to the black commandant of Aux Cayes, for a vessel in which I could embark fifty men, and under Haytean colours, to board her next morning; he refused, so I seized one laden with logwood and cotton. At night, putting a gun and the men on board, she sailed, the gun being concealed by the cotton bags, her crew had left her upon my seizure, with

\* The pulsation of the shark being but two a minute, evinces an absence of heat, which favours the internal sustention of life, as stated in the case of the turtle. The British Cyclopaedia states the white shark to be from 30 to 35 feet in length, and one which was taken had a whole horse in it.

one exception, who offered to act as pilot; at day-break, she was near the privateer, when the man steering her, treacherously ran her upon the rocks, and wrecked her. The privateer then stood out to sea, but anticipating that the following morning she would attempt running in through the Cayes to the east of the town, I sent all my boats by night to intercept her; she came sweeping down at day-break as I expected; my headmost boat got up, the man in the bow getting the boat-hook on her taffrail was shot, the boat dropped astern; she returned to sea, proceeding to the city of St. Domingo, anchoring under the protection of the forts; here the boats of the *Argo* cut her out, under a heavy fire from the forts, but her cargo was landed. The wreck of the vessel I had seized, was floated by lashing empty casks around her, the cargo being thrown overboard to lighten her; I hauled her up on the beach, had her surveyed, damages estimated at 2000 dollars, for which I gave an order upon my agent in Jamaica: subsequently the merchants waited upon me and returned the order, having paid the damage themselves, and thanking me for my perseverance in having freed the trade.

Proceeding eastward to my destination, the *Argo*, 44, joined, commanded by the late Capt. S. T. Digby, who superseded my prior orders, taking me under his command, to join him in the blockade of the city of St. Domingo. Thus I once more became destined to hover about that incomparably beautiful island, and to obtain some knowledge of the interior of it. The city was in the possession of France, held by 1700 troops under the command of General Count de Barquiere, the Spaniards investing it by land, and the English blockading it by sea. The Spanish general consented to attack the western fort and escalate it, under cover of the guns of our ships; but a few volleys from the French produced a panic among them, and they fled, leaving the





ships to settle it under the battery. After three months' close blockade, the *Argo* quitted the station, supplying my vessel with provisions; the Spaniards reporting every day for the last three months, to-morrow, to-morrow, they intended to attack the city, also, that the garrison was reduced to the verge of starvation; I determined to frame a pretence for a flag of truce, the more correctly to ascertain the truth of this statement, or otherwise. I made it, and was requested to anchor under the fort, and assured the general would be glad to see me to learn my object, I waited upon him, saying, "the object of the flag is to ascertain your desire to hold communication with the commander-in-chief respecting the exchange of prisoners." He thanked me, and invited me to second breakfast with himself and staff. It consisted of coffee, with la salade mixed with salt fish, and roasted plantains, instead of bread; this satisfied me of the distress of the garrison. After breakfast the general retired, informing me his aide-de-camp should bring me the despatch to the commander-in-chief at Jamaica, when he had finished it. I had previously made the acquaintance of the general's staff from the circumstance of having exchanged Col. La Valette, who had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards, for a Spanish general who had fallen into the hands of the French; and at the time the exchange took place they partook of second breakfast on board my brig: upon the general's taking leave of me and retiring, Col. La Valette, who, previous to his exchange, had lived on board my brig some weeks, and with whom I was thus intimately acquainted, came to me, saying, "Quelle nouvelle?" I replied, "Mauvaise pour vous." I also stated, that a French squadron, with two frigates, *La Furieuse* and *La Felicité*, had come out to supply the city with provisions; but that our squadron had captured one of their line-of-battle ships, called *Haut Pault*, the others making their escape, that I thought one of the frigates might

try to throw in supplies. He asked, how I knew this? I said I had boarded an American vessel, from whom I gained the information, which was the case. This information La Valette carried to the general, who came and received its confirmation from my lips. The despatch came shortly, and proved to be offers of capitulation, upon 1500 English troops being sent to summon the garrison. I got under weigh, and chased a ship in the offing, which proved to be the *Aurora*, Captain Duer; I waited on him, and delivered the French general's despatch. He told me, that in consequence of the report made by Capt. S. Digby, of the *Argo*, to the commander-in-chief, of my vigilant and accurate knowledge of the coast, he had sent me three months' provisions, with directions to continue the blockade with the *Aurora*. I told Captain Duer the history of the flag of truce, adding, that if he would run down to the city about dusk, under French colours, they would probably take him for one of the French frigates I had mentioned, and that most likely the general's staff would come off, and he could take them. He adopted my suggestion, and the result was as I had anticipated—they came out and were all taken.

The *Aurora* stood off that night, and next morning at breakfast time I went on board, when La Valette said, "Eh bien, beef-steaks, c'est vous qui nous a fait prisonniers ici!" (with which the Spaniards supplied us.) The appellation "beef-steaks," arose upon their having them on board my brig, when flags of truce were exchanged; on several occasions they sent boats out at midnight to attack ours, alternately firing, and calling "beef-steaks fire away." I replied, "No, they came off at their own risk." I then proposed to Capt. Duer to run down under French colours, with my brig with French over English, as though the pretended French frigate had captured me. This we did. The most unbounded joy appeared to prevail in the city, the walls of the

fort were crowded with people cheering, and boats were sent to the entrance of the river, with hawsers to conduct us into it; every preparation being made to receive us. When we changed our colours, and having stood too near, we received the fire of the forts, fortunately without damage; a week afterwards, the prisoners well fed with Spanish beef-steaks, were returned under a flag of truce, to the great joy of the general-in-chief. The blockade still continued as close as possible, with the boats of the *Aurora*, assisted by those of my own vessel.

After two months (five in all) the squadron arrived, under Capt. Cumby, in the *Polyphemus*, who, upon receipt of the French general's communication, despatched it to Jamaica. Our boats were now numerous, and my station being gun-shot distance from the fort, night and day my support was always available. One night, being within them, standing out, the boats rushed upon me, firing a musket, and ordering me to lie too, having mistaken me for an American coming out. After this occurrence I turned in at day dawn, as usual. On dressing, at 8 o'clock, my servant gave me my hat, saying, "Why, sir, there is a musket ball hole through the crown!" which I found to be the case, it having been caused by the musket fired from Lieut. Hughes' boat, when he ordered me to heave too. The anxiety of the blockade was greatly increased by there being no soundings along this iron-bound coast, the voice of the sentinels, challenging from fort to fort, frequently being our warning as to distance in dark nights.

The garrison had now become so pressed for provision, that they turned out the women, most of whom went to the Spaniards, who were investing the city. One boat came off to one of the ships, containing a woman of colour, who had charge of two orphan sisters of tender age. Her captain sent them to England, where he had them educated, much to the celebrated kindheartedness of Admiral Cornwallis also. Upon

the officer's return to England he married one of the two, and the story being related at the army mess at Malta, a military officer, participating in the sailor's feelings, sent proposals to the other sister, which were subsequently accepted. Of all the connubial happiness enjoyed in this kingdom, none is more complete than theirs.

Time now passed away, and the water of the *Polyphemus* (necessary for the maintenance of the blockade) requiring recruiting, my services, together with that of my brig's crew, were accepted by Capt. Cumby. I had previously discovered a small river, just gun-shot beyond the forts, but where there was no other anchorage except on the upland mud and soil, which is washed down to the river's mouth, and being there impeded by meeting the ocean at a right angle,\* such deposits follow as are to be found at the mouths of all rivers. Finding the deposition to be composed of clay, my confidence increased, and I determined to adopt the anchorage, although, but a quarter of a mile beyond, soundings terminated. Receiving the empty casks on board, I anchored in the surf, striking lower yards and topmasts, as she rolled her cat-heads in the water. Having succeeded twice, the *Thrush* was ordered to follow, and I had hardly anchored when her captain hauled off shore, sending me word that I must take charge of her if she anchored in such a place, which I did, and brought her up alongside of me in the surf; but when the land wind came off he tripped his anchor, leaving me to bring off his load.

\*The maximum strength of the current or tide is, as in all agitations of water, at the surface, diminishing downwards to its minimum. The floating breakwaters, especially the more simple one by John White, Esq., would direct the surface water beyond the entrance, thus causing the soil to be deposited *ad libitum*, and, therefore, have a preference over their application as breakwaters for ships to lie under, by opening rivers to navigation. Some years ago one of them was moored across the strongest rush of the tide near Deal, and I asked several experienced boatmen what that frame was for? They replied that it turned the tide diagonally from its otherwise direction.

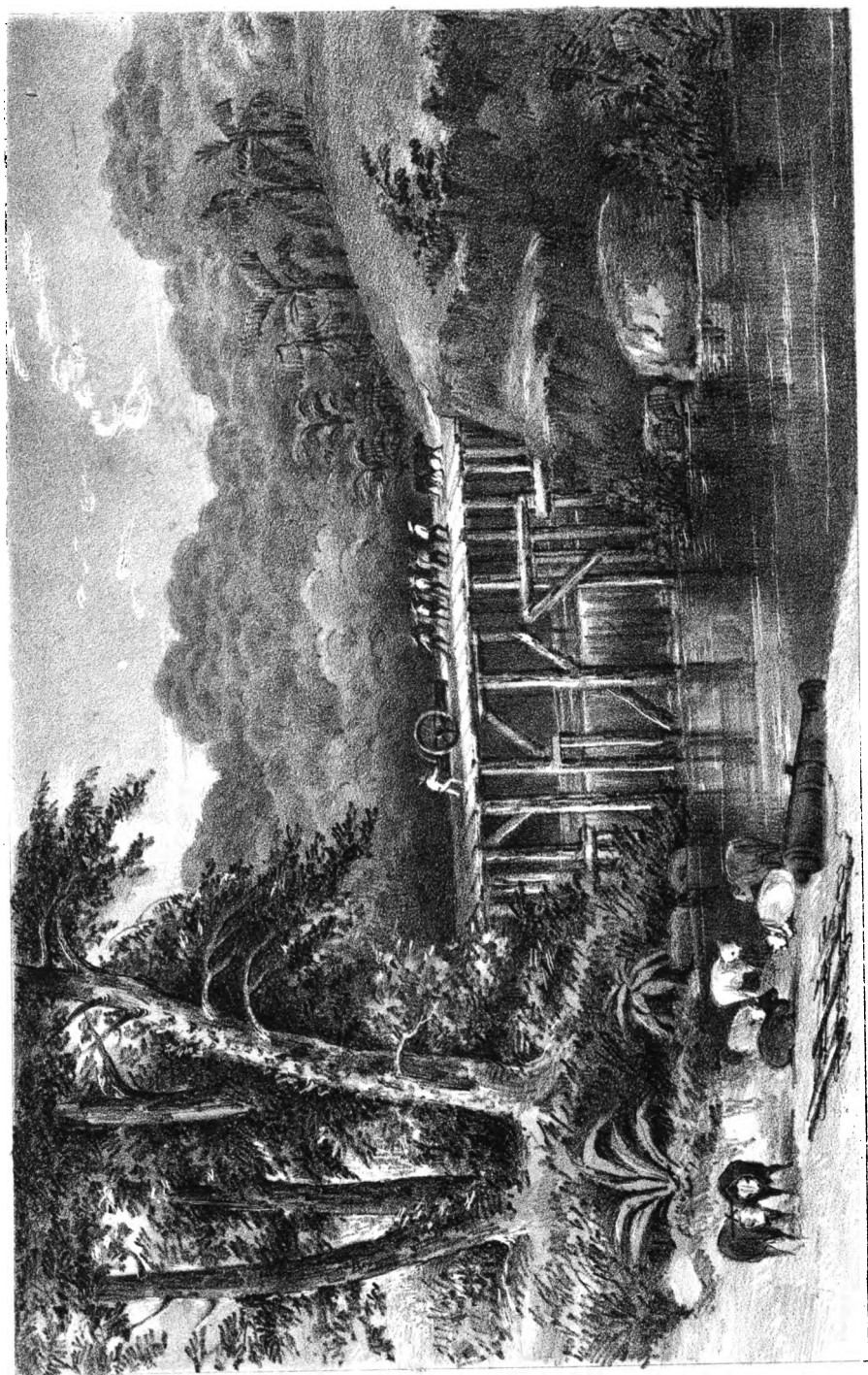


This hazardous service was afterwards abandoned, it being an almost impracticable anchorage.

On the Spanish side of the river we had an artillery officer of the name of Faddy, a most enterprising person, who had thrown up a small battery, having two howitzers in it, which were too small to produce much effect upon the city. I requested Capt. Cumby to give me two of his lower deck guns to convey to him, when he smiled sarcastically, observing, "You had better come to-morrow along side for them, at breakfast time." I took him at his word, and struck lower yards and topmasts during the night, in order to lay along side him under his lower yards. At day-light he was surprised to see me with sails furled, sweeping along side, when the guns (24 pounders, weighing 56 cwt. each) were put on board while I breakfasted with him. The shortest line to the fort was 30 miles, through a closely wooded country, and having landed the guns eight leagues east of the city, on the shelving rocks, leaving my brig under command of my first lieutenant, retaining Sherrif, the second, she got under sail and returned to the blockade.

The lazy creole Spaniards, who lay about smoking cigars, at once declared it an utter impossibility to reach Faddy's fort, as the country was without roads, with nothing but foot-paths through the woods, and ten miles of the distance lay through a morass, impassible in the rainy season. Not deterred by these difficulties, we set about procuring the necessary assistance of men and oxen, and one of the guns was slung to a carriage on two wheels, the other being lashed to a sledge, with twenty head of cattle attached, yoked together by the horns. We then started, provided with a moderate supply of aqua dente, or new rum, and jerked beef, trusting to our fowling pieces for a further supply from the wild hogs and game of the forest. On the second day we had made some advance, and began to lose sight of the ocean. We

entered the wood, being obliged to cut our way through, and on the third day we reached the summit of the rising ground, and began to descend towards the morass; here commenced our difficulties; for four days we toiled under a vertical sun, above the knees in mud, and inhaling the poisonous exhalations of the marsh. Additional cattle were procured, and the whole yoked to one gun, which was carried to a distance, when the cattle retraced their steps and dragged up the other. At length we reached the river, a scene of surpassing beauty, but we also found it one of surpassing difficulty; the bridge was 150 feet across from precipice to precipice, and without parapet, solely intended for cattle and foot passengers, and apparently too weak to bear the weight of the cannon: I therefore sent the cattle to the other side, and attached ropes to the cannon, for them to drag it through; it was hardly in, before it upset and was buried in the mud; a whole day up to the chest in mud and water, and under the scorching rays of a vertical sun, was spent in getting it out again. I determined now, in spite of remonstrance, to attempt the bridge: the cattle were sent over, and with the unwilling assistance of the Spaniards at the ropes, we passed the bridge, with but two feet either side the wheels, which staggered under their burden. Some two miles of open plain with stately trees in clusters, and herds of wild cattle feeding, followed, and on the tenth day (of which the Spaniard had intimation), we reached the first human habitation—the abode of a happy Spaniard, who received us with great hospitality; and all our dangers and fatigues being forgotten, we passed the night in mirth and good cheer. It was 10 o'clock, and a beautiful moonlight night, when we emerged from the wood, which opened to our sight the Spaniard's sequestered habitation; he met us, accompanied by his two daughters, with their guitars slung over their shoulders, playing *Vive Fernando Septimo*, in which the fat Spanish priest vociferously joined.





The girls had the fire-fly strung upon thread, interwoven in their hair; the whole scene to Sherrif and myself was most amusing. Before the habitation, blazed a large wood fire, with a piece of beef suspended between two upright poles, prepared for the Spaniards, who soon began cutting pieces as they wanted. We entered the house in enthusiasm, the Padre crossing himself: our repast was followed by songs of "Viva Ferdinando!" "Viva Anglases!" and that of "Mourir Napoleon!" during the latter, the fire-fly lass beside me, wildly chopping a piece of shaddock peel in effigy of Napoleon. Thus we passed the night—the cattle yoked two and two, lest they should stray, with the Spanish drivers sleeping round the fire, the Padre had gone to sleep, and the young people were laughing as they do to-day. Day dawning, all were soon in motion, the cannon moving on towards the magnificent woods, the fire-fly girls taking their farewell of us on parting, as we met with the last sound of "Viva Anglases!" dying away with the bloodhounds' bark.

The road to Faddy's battery was open, gently sloping towards the margin of the ocean. On the eleventh day we accomplished our undertaking, and delivered the cannon to him. We have not met since, though, having found him out, he writes—"The Admiralty little know your merit, when I see you as you were when you brought me the guns, but a commander." Taking horses with a guide, myself and lieutenant, returned by a bridle pathway, and reached Caleta Bay, about eight miles east of the city, where the squadron answered our signal for a boat, and I resumed the command of my brig. I waited upon Captain Cumby, who told me 1500 troops had been landed to summon the town, but that having shipped their cannon and carriages on different vessels, the former had not arrived, and they were without guns. I now offered my services, to take eight of his lower deck guns, and put the troops in possession of them, to which he

agreed. Shoring up the decks of the brig, to bear such a load, I came alongside and received them, her decks groaned under the weight; the next day I anchored at Palanca bay, an exposed anchorage in heavy weather. Finding a loose beach, and tremendous surf, with extreme difficulty, triangular sheers, or three spars lashed together, were risen in the surf contiguous to the beach; the launch, with one gun entered between the sheers, whence the cannon were delivered from the boat and lowered into the surf, and hence by physical force hauled upon land—this was my last service.

I had now completed seven months' service before the city, when it surrendered to Gen. Carmichael, at discretion. I was sitting upon a log of mahogany when the news came, but the constant excitement, together with exposure I had endured, in the attempt to get the guns across the country, proved too much for an iron constitution. I was seized with spasms, the first symptoms of yellow fever (occasioned especially by being all day in the river getting the guns out) and carried on board, where I lay for nine days unconscious of all that passed: but the fever at last took a favourable turn, and I recovered.

During this period, the squadron sailed from before the city for Port Royal, having on board the French garrison of 1700 men, prisoners of war, where we anchored ten days after. During my convalescence I saw much of the General and Col. La Valette; indeed, we had many a laugh at the *ruse de guerre*, so successfully managed, when his staff were entrapped as prisoners. Many and earnest were the general's assurances that, upon peace taking place, his house at Belle Ville, near Paris, would be my welcome home; the sincerity of which I have had ample proofs of, corresponding with him until his death.

Upon my return from this service to Port Royal, I sailed with despatches to Captain Cogan,\* commanding on the New

\* This intrepid officer made £20,000 prize money upon this station, a con-

Providence station, which placed me under that officer's command; but my crew owing to their long and arduous services upon the blockade, had been attacked with the yellow fever, to which 40 out of 95 had fallen victims. Six weeks having elapsed before the vacancies caused by the fever could be filled up by impressment, she was compelled to anchor away from the town. Subsequently to her compliment being completed, I sailed upon several cruises, and was ordered back to Port Royal; when after twelve years' services in that country, I invalided.

siderable portion of which arose from the capture of three American vessels, under the following remarkable circumstances. In America, eight pilot boats were built to run from Baltimore to Vera Cruz, and thus, through America, Napoleon obtained Spanish subsidies from Vera Cruz to Cadiz; they were named male and female, in imitation of the *dramatis personæ* of a play pretended to be acting at Vera Cruz, entitled "The Squint-Eyed Man made to see straight," and the boats ran from Baltimore direct to Vera Cruz, where they took in dollars and returned to Baltimore, from whence they were transhipped in other vessels to Cadiz or France. The reports by letter ran thus, "Mr. Rapid made his *debut* with *eclat*, and was *encored*, but journeying to perform elsewhere, has not yet returned," with others in a like manner. Mr. Wood detained the *Rapid*, and Capt. Cogan another, on suspicion; and their adjudication was deferred six weeks for further proof. At the same place an English privateer, called *Mayflower*, captured a valuable Spanish felucca, from Vera Cruz to Cadiz, which she brought into port, and sailing again, was becalmed where she had made her capture, on the Bahama bank, in 12 to 14 feet of water, when one of the crew seeing a bundle or package at the bottom, a conk diver jumped overboard, and brought it up, and on her return the package was delivered into court. The letters it contained were translated by Mr. Traub, who found the key to the cyphers in which they were written, and the whole deception was explained in all its bearings. Both the vessels were condemned, together with a ship taken under Portuguese colours, by Capt. Chambers, but which was not one of the *dramatis personæ*.















